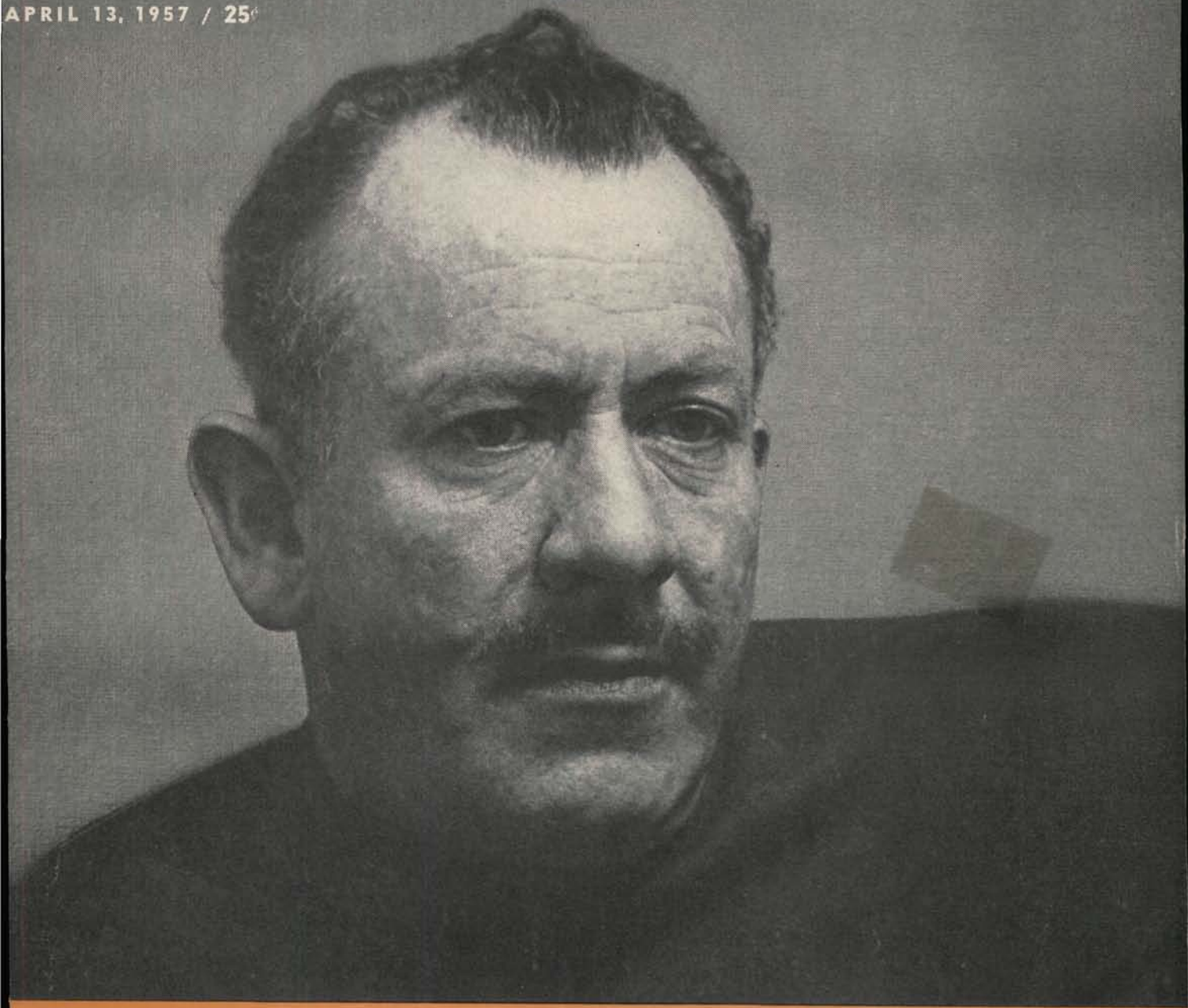
Saturday Review

APRIL 13, 1957 / 25¢



John Steinbeck, author of "The Short Reign of Pippin IV."

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

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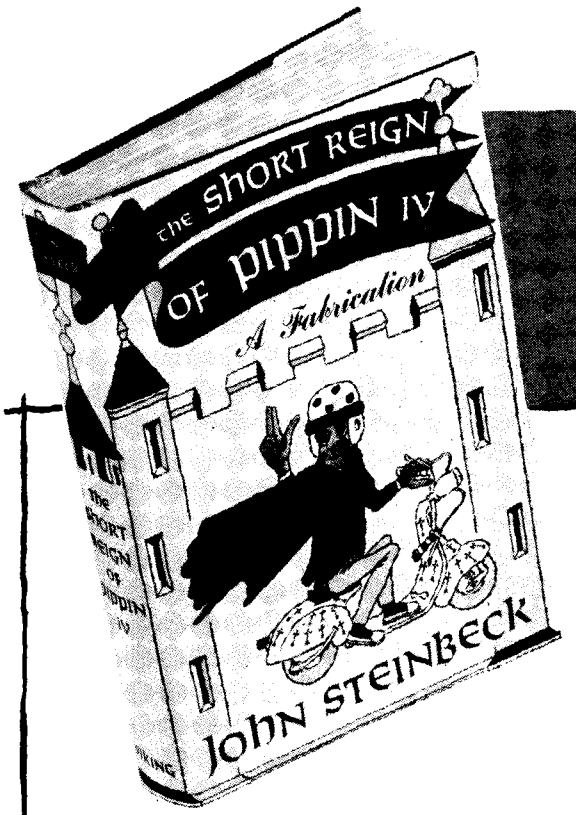

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JOHN STEINBECK

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Call it farce, call it satire, *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* is already capturing further legions of laughter-loving readers. This extravaganza about French and American mores—and various other personal matters—is loaded with irreverent chuckles and belly-laughs. For a hilarious display of Steinbeck's comic genius, read his new "fabrication."

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The Short Reign of Pippin IV

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by Robert Henriques

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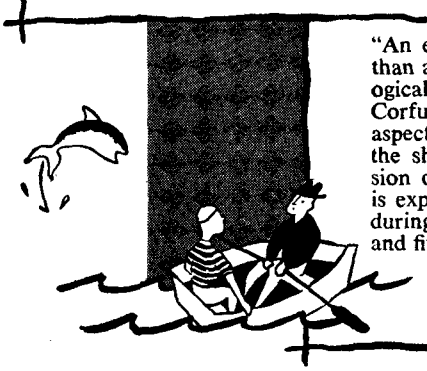

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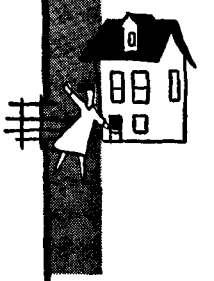
MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS



by Gerald Durrell

author of *The Overloaded Ark*

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(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large

All seasons of the year are fine when you're in college, but Spring, with its tincture of sadness over the coming end of the school year, is in many ways the best of all.

This year's Spring has arrived in Chapel Hill and Berkeley, is now settling in at University Park, Northampton and Ithaca, will soon be knocking at the doors of Ann Arbor and Boulder.

Already the lines of parked cars lengthen in front of sorority houses; couples will soon move mistily down the Back Road, up Observatory Hill or through the Arboretum; voices raise in sentimental song in beer parlors or on dorm steps. Soon tennis balls will be batted across nets barely discernible in the fading twilight, blanket parties will be planned, and every now and then one student or another will pause to think of coming exams and, with casual pity, of the professors who give them.

For Spring on the campus is the time when students feel older and act younger, while professors feel younger and look older.

I have been moved to these reflections by "Pnin," a novel by Vladimir Nabokov about a Russian professor at an Eastern university. Pnin is an endearing, pathetic, laughable and occasionally triumphant figure whose story belongs on the small shelf of enduring books about college.

It's a good book for springtime reading if you're on the campus, better if you're safely away from it, and best of all if you don't care about college one way or another, but would like to read about a real human being who just happens to teach.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Pnin" ($3.50), by Vladimir Nabokov, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 153 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut. Doubleday is also the publisher of Anchor Books, paperbound books for the serious reader at any time of the year. Ask your bookseller about the 9 new Anchor Books which have been released this Spring.

The Saturday Review

APRIL 13, 1957

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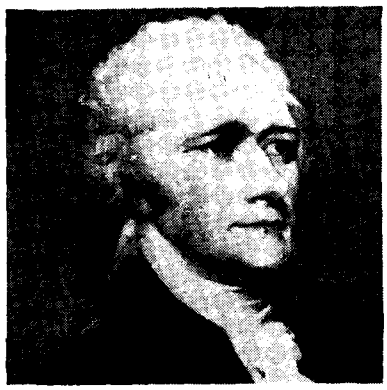

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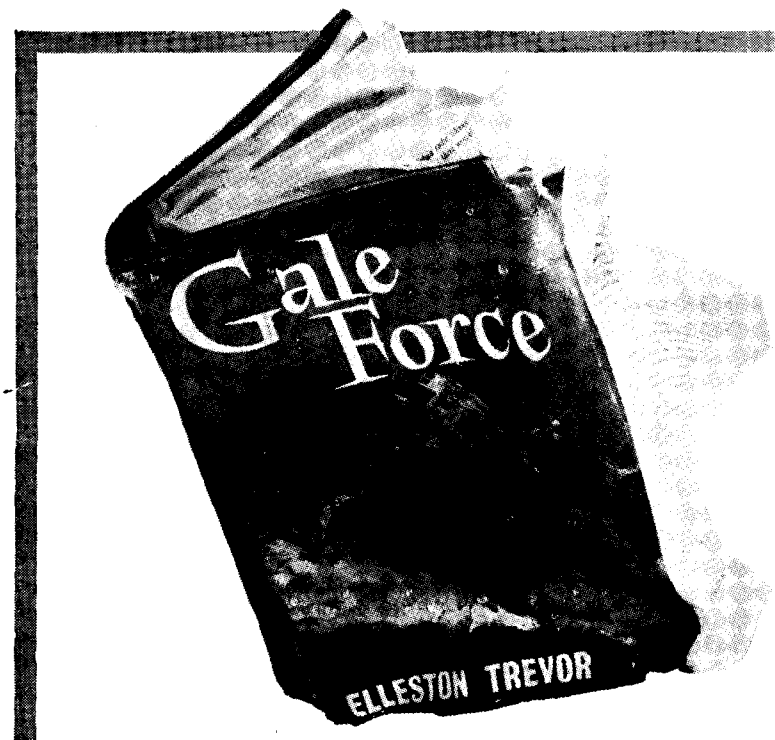

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— The Saturday Review

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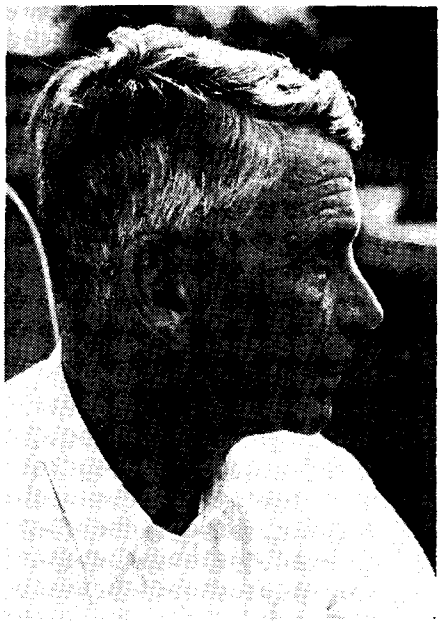
The man who reads dictionaries



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MARK VAN DOREN, poet, critic, story-writer, Professor of English at Columbia University, says:

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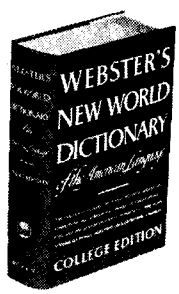

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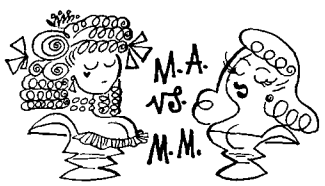
THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK

TRADE Winds

HERB CAEN, popular *San Francisco Examiner* columnist, reports he placed a copy of his new book, "Herb Caen's Guide to San Francisco," in the basement of his home so he can tell his friends that his book tops the Best Cellar list. . . . The Soviet threat to block British publication by Hutchinson and Co. of Vladimir Dudintsev's book "Not by Bread Alone" (unless changes are made by the Russians), is countered by a straight-from-the-shoulder proposal by the Britons: They will publish the book as written, but have offered to include a preface by the author if he wants to explain his change of heart. . . . The newly published "Journey of an American" (Bobbs-Merrill), by former *Times* correspondent Albion Ross, had its beginning at a lunch the author had with Sigrid Roch, then a B-M editor. Mrs. Roch had read an article on Germany by Ross, sketched an idea in her mind for a book, sat and listened as Ross described an outline which matched her own, chapter by chapter. . . . The recent appearance of the new biographical novel by Sylvia Martin, "I, Madame Tussaud" (Harper), brings to light a critical disillusionment for America. In doing a figure of Marilyn Monroe for its wax museum, Tussaud's was unimpressed. Marie Antoinette, also on exhibition, boasts a vital measurement



of forty-two inches against M.M.'s paltry thirty-eight. . . . Al Morgan has been spending months denying that the central character of "The Great Man" is actually Arthur Godfrey. He is already being forced to deny that his new book "Cast of Characters" is about Jose Ferrer, with whom he wrote the screen play of "The Great Man." The new book is six months away from publication.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO the late Alfred McIntyre guided the distinguished Boston house of Little, Brown with brilliance and a certain amount of justifiable impatience. Mr. McIntyre had a passion for accuracy and a fascination for infinite detail seldom equalled in publishing history. When a young copywriter made two glaring mistakes in a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* book section, Mr. McIntyre had to be scraped down from the ornate ceiling in his Beacon Street office and given sedatives.

The advertisement read:

THE KEYS OF
of the
KINGDOM
By A. J. Cronan

Proofs of this advertisement were okayed by the printer, the copywriter, the agency's account executive, and two vice presidents of the company. Only McIntyre caught the two mistakes. Can you spot them?

OUT OF THE respectful dignity of the card file in a small library in Pennsylvania comes this cross-indexed listing:

STUDENT SONGS
(*See Drinking Songs*)

Whether or not this is an example of guilt-by-association is unimportant. Possibly the indexer had in mind a college hymn of the staid Hood College for Women in Frederick, Maryland. At the climax of this solemn, earnest song there is the ringing line:

And we'll work with a will
For our dear old college still . . .

THE RECORD ALBUM business continues growing by logarithms. And more and more you run into albums like: "Music to Relax With," "Music to Slumber By," "Music to Live By"—the list goes on endlessly. Here are a few suggestions which we pass along gratuitously to album-makers:

"Music to Neutralize Elvis Presley With"; "Music to Break the Tedium of the Long Island Railroad By"; "Music to Keep Your Wife Quiet for a Short Period of Time, Sort Of"; "Music to Offset the Effects of Extra Dry Martinis, for the Most Part"; "Music to Keep Hi-Fi Fanatics From Blasting You, During."

Perhaps you have other suggestions.

WE'VE DECIDED recently to devise a general, all-purpose book jacket blurb as Madison Avenue might write it, which can adorn any book of any category for any taste, and which will allow both blurb writers and the reading public to spend the

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time thus saved knitting argyles, reading the book, or both:

(ANY TITLE GOES HERE)
(ANY AUTHOR'S NAME HERE)

This book is wise, yes, and beautiful, too, with ugly and sinister overtones. It is at once shocking and soothing—a book with lusty virility, bursting with compassion and pity. Its simplicity is equalled only by its stirring complexity which will leave the reader emotionally exhausted as it replenishes his deep spiritual needs.

To say that it is adult and mature is to ignore its refreshing and naive appeal to children. Within its lines are the seeds of

tenderness which at last reveal a mood of enlightened horror and depressive joy.

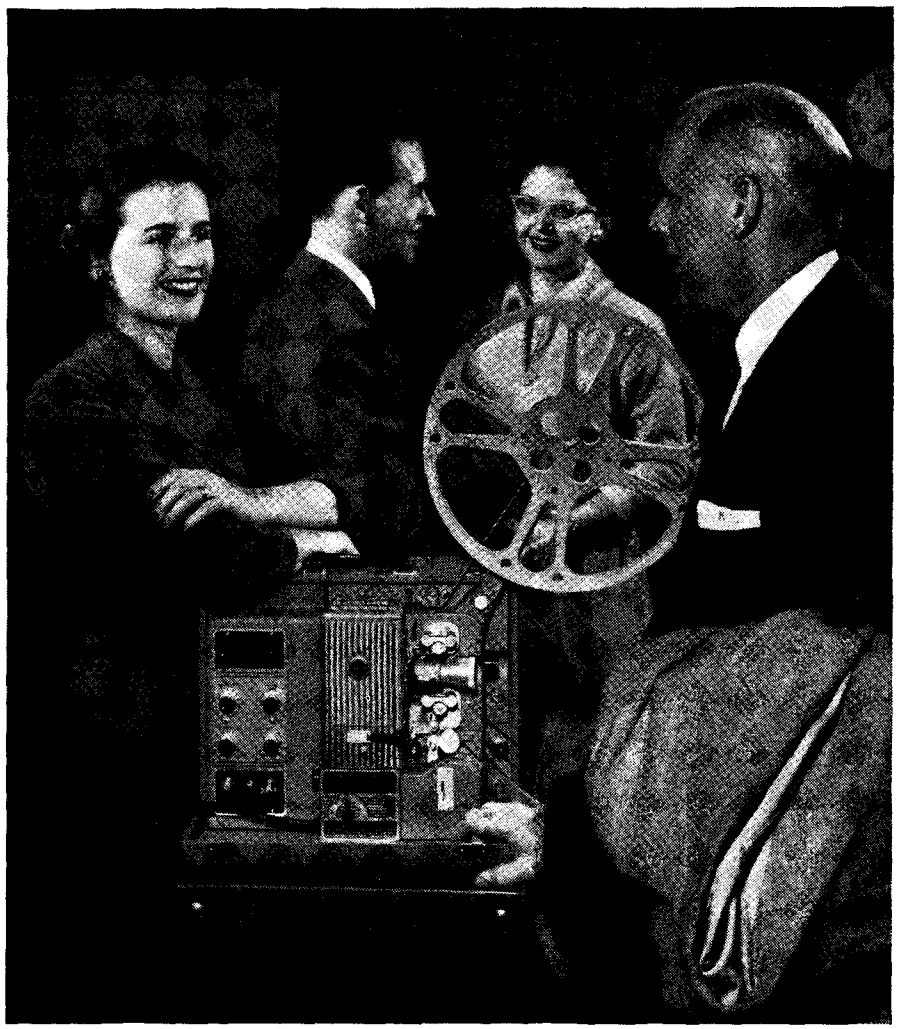
Its daring, lurid, brash, and provocative approach to sex has been watered down, but not too much. Its majestic turbulence pragmatically states its theme with finely-etched precision. Honest.

(Author's name here) is a writer of extreme sensibility whose rough, masterful style bluntly spells out incomparable understanding and stimulating puzzlement. His flashes of quiet insight and outspoken integrity deviously combine to make a moving, absorbing, detached, hilarious, and tragic picture told with peerless subjective objectivity.

CHARLEY DENHARD, of Denhard and Stewart, who has successfully fostered more book advertising campaigns than he cares to admit, tells of bumping into British publisher Hamish Hamilton recently. Charley thought that the British visitor looked younger than ever, and said so.

"Looks are deceiving," Hamilton said. "Every morning I read the obits before I get out of bed. If I'm not listed, I get up and shave!"

WHEN BOOK SALES representatives get together anything can happen. Out of a recent meeting of such a group of hardy travelers, a game sprang up which can become as bad as a repetitive song going through your head. Idea was to think up unlikely names for cocktail rooms at various hotels throughout the country. We list a few here only in the hope that



What the sales manager learned at the PTA meeting

What *really* impressed the sales manager was the way the movie program *was put across.*

Everything teamed up for a smooth performance. The teacher set up the projector in jig time. She started with the opening frame—no distracting, flashing focus frames. The pictures were needle-sharp, the sound natural and comfortable.

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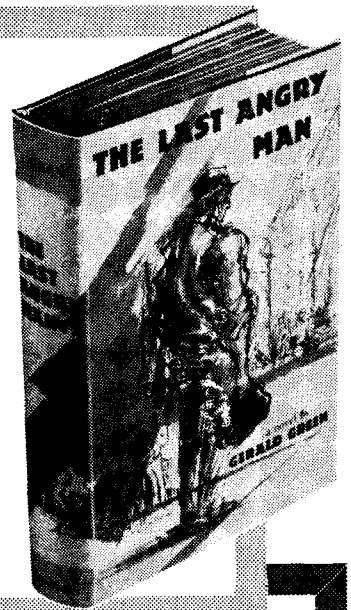
THE LAST ANGRY MAN

by Gerald Green



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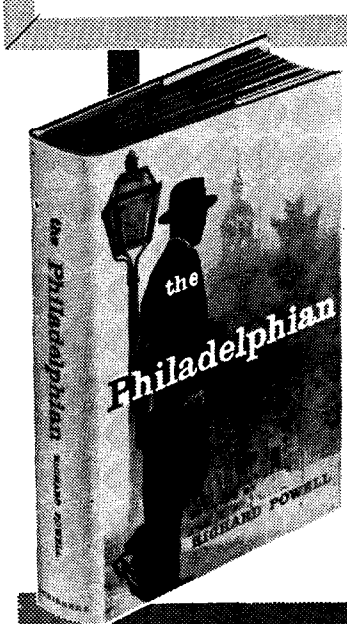


"Highly charged story of what makes Philadelphia tick." — *San Francisco Chronicle*

THE PHILADELPHIAN

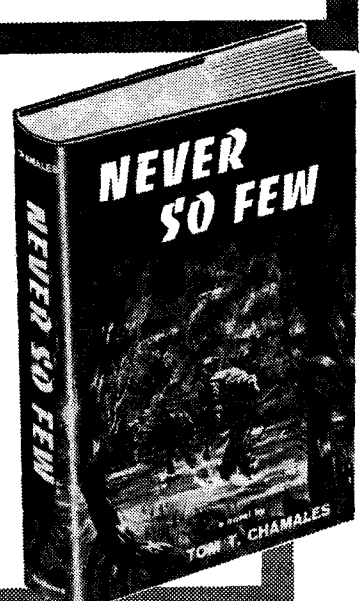
by Richard Powell

"Big, stirring, generously peopled novel . . . a story that has the ring of authenticity on every page." — *Philadelphia Inquirer*
$3.95

"One whale of a storyteller about war."
— ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

NEVER SO FEW

by Tom T. Chamales



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someone else will suffer from a cluttered mind:

"The Straightjacket Room" at the Bellevue; "The Thin Ice Room" at the Edgewater; "The Cloak Room" at the Raleigh; "The Generator Room" at the Edison; "The Brief Room" at the Blackstone; "The Filibuster Room" at the Congress; "The McCarthy Room" at the Stevens; "The Handwriting Room" at the Palmer House; "The Steam Room" at the Fulton; "The Cracker Room" at the Ritz.

Any other entries?

THE AWESOME QUOTATIONS of mighty minds ring out with such forbidding authority that it's hard to avoid a feeling of inferiority in their ponderous presence. To offset this problem, we've begun creating our own contributions to Bartlett, post-office buildings, archways, college gates, and library plaques. We list a smattering of this fractured wisdom-to-live-by, and solicit other worthy contributions:

A lengthened shadow precludes the analytic integrity of corporate diversion.

Prevention in no way alters the absolutes without which accomplishment cannot succeed.

The imposition of variants can often provoke; the variants of imposition are legion.

Ideology is to genuine sensitivity as reflections are to capabilities.

Wisdom suffers only when triumph meets conviction.

In the juxtaposition of caprice lies the perfection of uniformity.

THE EFFECT OF television on reading habits—especially of children—is invariably deplored. We were pleased the other day to hear a stern parent say to one of her children: "Darling, if you insist on behaving that way, I'm going to send you into the television room for a whole hour!" Junior calmed down. There is hope, yet.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1202)

F. C. GREENMAN:
HIGHER THAN THE SKY

Madame Olga Petrova on the stage was a bottled-in-bond siren. Her beautiful mouth was painted red, red, red. At that time, there wasn't a lipstick on any dressing table in Minneapolis. We smiled, if it killed us, through lips that were blue, blue, blue.

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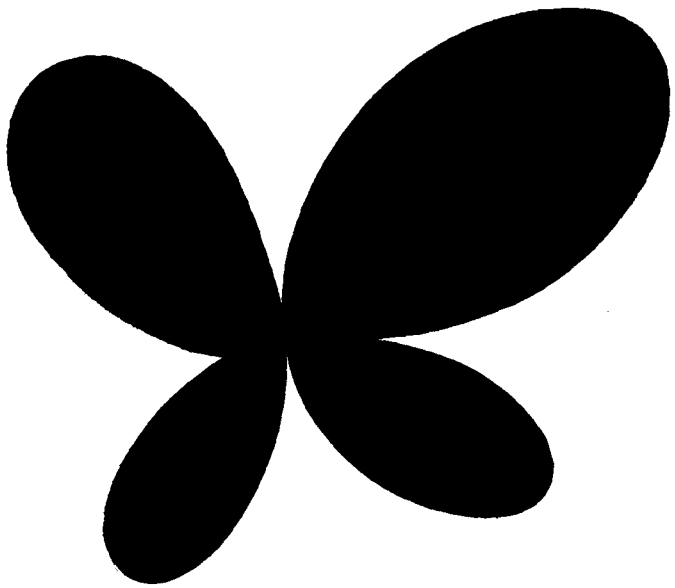
The Literary Sampler

MEMORIES OF JOLSON: From the time I heard Al Jolson at Hammerstein's, he was my idol. I somehow saw every show he was in, and always, for minutes after he'd left the stage, you sat still, knowing that a great presence had been there. And I saw him at the Winter Garden where he was at his best, a real one-man show. Oh, there were some other people occasionally on the stage; a line of dancing girls, enough of a company to keep the thing going while Jolie took a glass of water or mopped his brow off stage. But he was the show and many's the night he'd look at the audience about a quarter of eleven and say, "The girls are waiting backstage and they have some songs and dances, but they've worked pretty hard tonight, let's let 'em go home, huh? I'll stay here as long as you want but let the poor kids go home, huh?" And he'd send everybody home while he stood there maybe another hour, singing, clowning, giving the audience the time of its life and having the time of his own. For this was Jolson's big love affair. Through all the years, the love of his life was—the audience."

—From "Take My Life," by Eddie Cantor with Jane Ardmore (to be published May 17 by Doubleday).

YANKS IN THAILAND: The driver arrived in an old Chevrolet and we arranged terms for the afternoon's excursion. The consul gave him a list of places to take us and we headed out across the lovely green valley, with its shiny rice fields and vivid flowers, and started up the mountain. We could see our destination, an orange temple, high above. The road was horrible; it climbed in hairpin turns and plunged into dark forests. But it was worth the ordeal. The road stopped at the foot of some stone stairs that led up to our goal. There were about 500 steps, but we trudged up, meritoriously, and reached the temple. It made me feel like Ronald Colman again. The tinkling of small bells was the only sound in the afternoon air, and from the terrace we could look out over the entire valley, spread below us for miles. Chieng Mai and its ancient spired temples looked tiny. It was one of the most perfectly peaceful places we had ever seen. If we had stayed up there in contemplation for a few hours we might have become Buddhists, but there wasn't time for that. Americans are in too much of a hurry for Buddhism.

—From "Any Old Place With You," by William K. Zinsser (to be published April 24 by Simon & Schuster).



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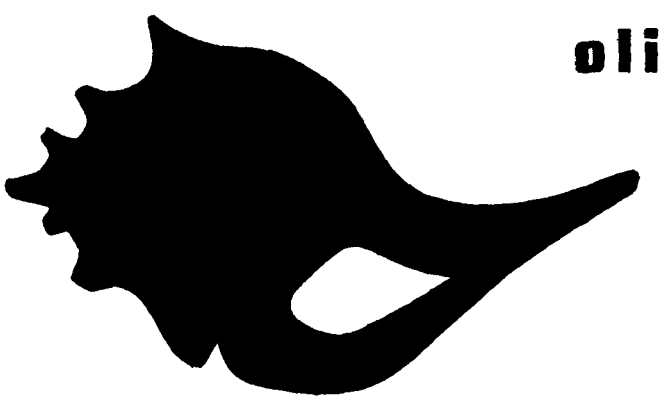

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 13, 1957

WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND

. . . Via Air

—Ewing Galloway.

THE FIELDS BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG: *"But with all that, we are strangely sensitive, hot-blooded, and still held prisoners by our inheritance." (Julian Meade, in "I Live in Virginia")*

By MARSHALL FISHWICK, *professor of American studies, Washington and Lee University.*

LOUD-SPEAKING voices and louder-speaking propellers fight it out. "Flight 312 from Washington to Richmond. Now loading at Gate 20." Having heard, I act, and walk towards the stubby cloud-hopper. Pert and photogenic, a well-tailored hostess stands guard at what must have a better name than gangplank. Maybe airplank. She gives me the twelve-tooth smile that is standard equipment for airline hostesses.

"Where to, sir?"

"Richmond."

"This is your flight. Take any seat. Fasten your safety belt for the take-off."

We take off. I do not fly often enough to believe what I see from the air. That big brown serpent sprawling across the flat land is the Potomac River. I remember what T. S. Eliot said in "After Strange Gods": to cross the Potomac is as definite an experience as to cross from England to Wales, almost as definite as to cross the English Channel. This is less true than it was when Eliot said it in 1933; but basically it is true. The states south of the Potomac make up a deliberate, self-conscious sub-culture. Some of the attitudes there would seem more at home in South Africa or New Zealand than in New England. Chain stores and canned culture advance, but the sub-culture holds fast.

The South is not only a sub-culture, but a recognizable region; proud, cohesive, and occasionally belligerent. One of those occasions was the 1850s. Now, in the 1950s, we have come to another.

The tone of Southern thought today is touchy and uncompromising, if not yet belligerent. When we look back and recall the tragic road from the 1850s to the 1860s, and then look out on the tensions of 1957, we do not compare but at least we ponder.

For Southerners are still tightly, inextricably bound by notions of aristocracy, *noblesse oblige,* white supremacy, hero and ancestor worship, and the force of a gloriously remembered past. They may or may not be justified; the one thing that is certain is that they exist.

The War Between the States (there are those who do not refer to it as the "Civil War"), fought so furiously on fields I now fly over so effortlessly, destroyed Dixie's hope of political and social domination—but only accentuated the nostalgia for former glory.

I peer out and down. There is the Washington Monument. There is the small, sacred temple in which the king-sized Lincoln looks out in brooding silence over the capital he preserved. There by the river is the Grecian dome where Mr. Jefferson stands eternally erect, lest some new tyranny over the mind go unnoticed.

Toy-sized and there, they are soon gone. In their place, neat rows of little box houses, lined up like little bottles on some vast pharmaceutical shelf,

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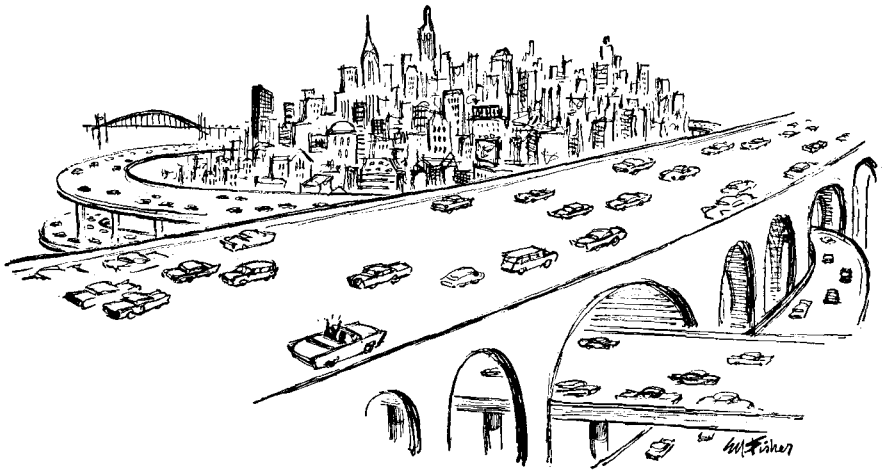

"But I didn't *want* to bypass Manhattan!"

ready to rush out against some undesignated disease.

Suburbia.

I am not sure, I cannot tell from the air, but I suspect that the tendency in these eighth-of-an-acre-kingdoms is to have both milk and personalities that are homogenized. Some who live here have told me of an eleventh commandment: Thou Shalt Cut Thy Grass Every Saturday. Americans have always wanted to keep up with the Jones'. In suburbia they *are* the Jones'. The problem is to get cohesion without conformity. The problem is no newer than Plato's "Republic," and no closer to solution now than then. But it is easier to *think* we have solved it, by insulating our attics and our lives—

"Your dinner, sir," the hostess says, in a voice tempering attraction with authority.

"So soon?"

"We're due in Richmond in fifteen minutes. So there really isn't much time."

No, there isn't. Fifteen minutes. Washington to Richmond in a quarter of an hour.

I thank her and balance the tray on my knees. I do not eat the food in the sterile aluminum pockets. Instead, I look out at this land and think of those who spent not minutes but years going from Washington to Richmond.

This land, dotted now with undramatic sumach and scrub pine, was once alive with armies on the march; young men, hopeful men, bone-tired men, lonely men, bleeding men. One America died, and another one was born, on this land. The least we can do is take Allan Tate's suggestion and:

> Turn your eyes to the inscrutable
> infantry rising
> Demons out of the earth—they
> will not last.

Nor will my view or my thoughts; yet I cannot help but look and think. Almost a century ago a hard-mouthed man full of pent-up passion came to a close-by town. When that passion erupted the United States was rent asunder.

The man was John Brown and the town was Harper's Ferry. Osawatomie John, avenging angel, swept down with his little army of twenty-two to free all Negroes. The first man they killed was a freed Negro, Heywood Shepherd.

John Brown's soul may or may not go marching on, depending on which side of the Potomac you learn your songs. This much is clear: his capture, execution, and canonization helped set intricate intermeshing wheels into motion. This was the American Juggernaut.

Why did those wheels turn? Scholars spend their lives on the why, the when, the how. Two "ways of life" collided. Northeast fought Southeast over tariff, Northwest fought Southwest over the extension of slavery. Firebrands squared off against Fire-eaters. Men who had called slavery a necessary evil came to defend it as a positive good. The Congress which should have been a cooling-off place was actually a tinder-box. Arsonists from both North and South strutted and spouted forth inflammatory speeches. Of course, there was a fire.

Whether or not it was "irrepressible" depends on how you choose to analyze the data. What we all know is that there was a fire which almost destroyed the structure of the Republic, and which burned out the Old South.

Ashes and memories, mixed well, make a powerful medicine.

Too proud, too romantic, too impetuous, the South staked everything on the Great Crusade—and lost. What Lee surrendered was not so much a sword as a civilization. What was left, for those who had fought and those who had endured, was the bootless glory of battle and a handful of precious, triumphant memories.

All this chaos and death, for what? Not merely for slavery. By 1860, for example, only 114 Virginians had as many as 100 slaves, and the world of Tidewater plantations was already breaking up. In 1775 Virginia had been the first state in the world to brand as criminals anyone engaged in slave traffic; a manumission bill barely missed being adopted in 1832. Many Southerners knew that slavery was doomed, and those who did not know it would have found out. No, this fight was not merely over slavery.

Over what, then? It is hard to say. Ellen Glasgow had her try in "The Battleground":

> "I didn't see how I was goin' to fire my musket, till all of a jiffy a thought jest jumped into my head and sent me bangin' down that hill. 'Them folks have set thar feet on ole Virginny,' was what I thought. 'They've set thar feet on ole Virginny, and they've got to take 'em off damn quick!' "

Sometimes a man's heart bursts like a cracked crucible, and pours its steel white-hot before the withering heat of the wheel.

I LOOK out at patchworked green fields and quiet stone bridges. That crooked little creek boarded with oak-and-rail fences might be Bull Run. Over there, by the red barn, a stubborn Presbyterian eccentric named Jackson stood like a stone wall one hot bloody July afternoon.

If his coat had known what he intended to do, Stonewall Jackson would have taken it off and thrown it away. He moved so fast that when sentries saw something scurrying through the underbrush, they yelled, "What's that? A rabbit or Jackson?" Maybe he was crazy. If so, it sure is a shame he didn't haul off and bite somebody.

"Why Old Jack likes to suck on a lemon, damned if I know. Lessen' it's a Yankee lemon, 'cause he likes to suck the guts out of everything Yankee . . ."

"Look at him, cool as the center seed of a cucumber, starin' out with them bayonet eyes, thinkin'. Afore God, Old Jack is a born killer. I'd hate to be on the other end of what he's thinkin' . . ."

On the other end of the spectrum was Jeb Stuart, who jangled and glittered when he walked, and who liked to sing this song:

> If you want to have a good time
> Jine the cavalry,
> Bully boys hey!

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You know what this man was by the names of his horses: Skylark, Lady Margaret, Lily of the Valley, Star of the East. He bedecked them with fresh flowers and pushed his luck too far. He fell in 1864, young and golden, in the dust outside Yellow Tavern.

The one who stayed on, after Jackson and Ashby and Stuart, was General Lee. He was the tragic hero, and he rode through the fifth act alone.

WHAT kept them fighting? Some blind glory of the human soul which lashed out at the inevitable darkness.

"Here's your coffee, sir. Do you take cream?"

"Oh—yes. Please." I take a big gulp of the coffee. It is hot and bites its way down my throat.

What wrecked the South then, and threatens to wreck it again, is pride. Jefferson wrote the line that should be taught to every Southerner; and those of us who teach it should try humbly to understand it: "Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold."

We can admire their courage, and (knowing how many errors we make) forgive their faults, but what can we say of their inflexibility? How can people who know and intuit so much not know that a constant posture of looking backwards is the hallmark of stagnation? Very few of us who purport to be historians know much about history. But everything we do know indicates that history is incapable of running backwards. This is what James Branch Cabell said, much better than I can hope to, in "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck":

> Our actual tragedy isn't that our fathers were badly treated, but that we ourselves are constitutionally unable to do anything except talk about how badly our fathers were treated.

With the talking there is apt to be a certain amount of exploiting. The Confederate attitude is sometimes a Confederate pose. Being "Confederate" pays off. Historians, novelists, and artists are athirst for rebel water. To be a Confederate today isn't nearly as dangerous as it was in the 1860s. No risk, no marching, no bleeding. The pose is there for the taking. For thousands of Southerners, colored and white, it means revenue—the kind redeemable at Federal banks.

If the Yankees like the Southern antics, they do not like the Southern caste system. Neither, for that matter, do many white Southerners. The Supreme Court's 1954 pro-integration decision showed where the battle line would be. The terrifying thing that has happened since then is that the Southern "moderate" has found it increasingly hard to stay poised between the two absolutes. William Faulkner warned the North some months ago that if this large group of moderates was forced to make a choice most of them would do as General Lee did—go with their native state, be it right or wrong. Faulkner himself seems to have done that. So have many others.

The North, meanwhile, is becoming increasingly convinced that it knows what is best for the South. In 1954, the Gallup poll reported only 54 per cent of the people in the North and West approved of the Supreme Court's action. That percentage jumped to 56 per cent in 1955, 57 per cent in 1956, and 63 per cent in 1957.

"We're here," the well-tailored voice says. "Please fasten your safety belts." A little red light flashes on in the front of the plane, illuminating the same request.

I am willing to fasten the belt, but I am not able to admit that I have moved all the way between these two cities, two regions, two worlds, in this fraction of an hour. Greenness and brownness, toy-soldier panoramas, the slight uneasiness in the pit of my stomach, the ungroundedness, the sound of space being crunched by power—all these, yes, but not Washington to Richmond in fifteen fleeting minutes.

"Richmond, Virginia. Through passengers please keep their seats."

What I could not explain to the men of those Civil War armies, or to their horse-bound generals, is that since their day we have hyphenated space and time into space-time, and curved the straight hyphen so that it matches the contours of heaven. They could understand the murder of Lincoln; but what would they say if they were told that now we have murdered infinity, leaving only sounds in pursuit of silence and frustration in pursuit of peace?

The airplank is put in place and I step on earth. It is hard and firm and inviting, even under a concrete shell.

"Byrd Airport," the hostess says. Even if I do not believe it, I know it is so. I would not show my disbelief, so I look at the hostess and smile. She, meanwhile, is glancing down at her watch and scowling, "Just as I expected," she says. "Two-twelve. We're almost five minutes late."

—From "Lincoln," by Stefan Lorant.

APPOMATTOX: As Professor Fishwick relates, the whole eastern part of the Civil War was fought over the ground between Richmond and Washington, or over areas that flanked this ground to the east and west. To set up the surrender at Appomattox, Grant, the preceding June, had withdrawn his army from Lee's front and, in a brilliant movement, crossed the James River in order to move on Richmond from the south and east. Because of the failure of Grant's subordinates, however, Lee had time to take his troops south of the Virginia capital, forcing the Northerner to sit down in a siege of the town of Petersburg. But a winter in this exposed position, added to the calamities of Sherman's faraway depredations, dwindling supplies, and administrative chaos, sapped the strength from Lee's army—even, as it turned out, its capacity to retreat. On April 2, 1865, Lee ordered a march, but as Grant cut him off from the South, and Sheridan's cavalry from the West, he had no place to go. On April 7 Grant asked him to surrender; two days later the two commanders met in the McLean house on the edge of Appomattox village, and the agreement was signed. It was on this occasion that Grant displayed his wonderful character at its best: the magnanimity of his terms, which were never questioned by Lee, and the gentleness of his manner were a fitting start to the long process of mending the broken nation.

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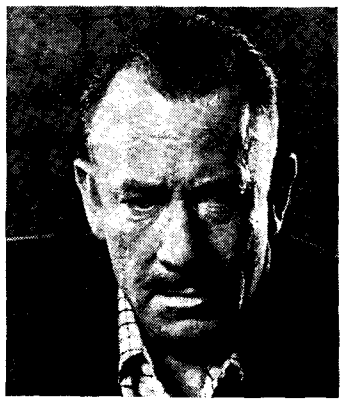
FICTION



—*Philippe Halsman*

John Steinbeck

French Romance

"The Short Reign of Pippin IV," by John Steinbeck *(Viking. 188 pp. $3), is in its author's phrase "a fabrication" about a pleasant, amateur astronomer whom fate transposes into a French monarch.*

By Ben Ray Redman

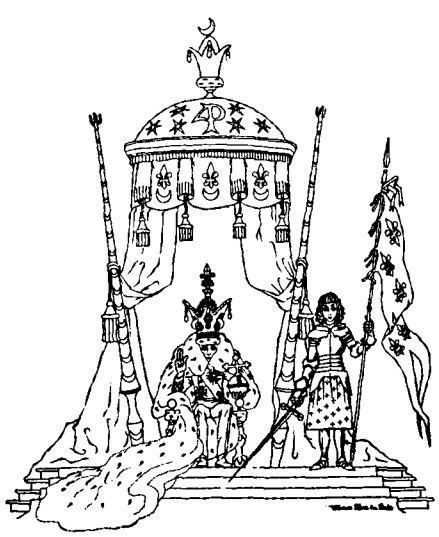
GRAHAM GREENE makes a practice of distinguishing between his "novels" and his "entertainments." In a similar way John Steinbeck has set his latest book "The Short Reign of Pippin IV" apart from the bulk of his fiction by dubbing it "A Fabrication." He could have just as well, and perhaps more accurately, have called it a humorous fantasy.

The idea from which "The Short Reign of Pippin IV" springs is one that might have stimulated the playful imagination of Anatole France, one that might have excited Robert Nathan's fancy; and it is tempting to speculate upon what these authors might have done with it. We can be certain, I think, that either of them would have exploited this idea with more inventiveness, and more entertainingly, than has Mr. Steinbeck. He puts very little flesh on the bare bones of his idea; the entertainment that he provides is thin broth indeed; and when we have finished "The Short Reign of Pippin IV" we are left with the impression that it is the sort of thing that Art Buchwald might have written, had he decided to parlay a newspaper column into a short book.

The brief tale begins in the year 19—, when France, as is not unusual, finds itself without a government, and all efforts to form one seemed doomed to failure. "For three days the struggle raged. The leaders slept on the brocade couches of the Grand Ballroom and subsisted on the bread and cheese and Algerian wine furnished by M. le Président. It was a scene of activity and turmoil."

It is a deadlock of the democratic forces that gives the Royalists a chance to propose a restoration of the monarchy: but the Royalists are split among themselves as champions of various blood lines, until an imaginative nobleman provides a common ground for action by proposing that they all "unite under His Gracious Majesty Pippin of Héristal and Arnulf, of the line of Charlemagne." That this famous line is extinct, the nobleman explains, is a misconception. It lives on in Paris today, in the person of "Pippin Arnulf Héristal, a pleasant man, an amateur astronomer," whose uncle, a somewhat shady art dealer, bears the proud name of Charles Martel. Pippin—who has emerged only once before from happy obscurity, as the discover of a comet—is informed of his elevation to the throne, his troubles begin, and Mr. Steinbeck's fragile fable is launched.

How Pippin plays his part of King; how his wife, Marie, "a good manager who knew her province and stayed in it," deals with the housekeeping problems presented by the vast and drafty reaches of Versailles; how his daughter, Clotilde, who at the age of "fifteen wrote a novel entitled 'Adieu Ma Vie,'" finds happiness with a young American named Tod Johnson, son of the Egg King of Petaluma, California; how Uncle Charlie discreetly carries on his business at the old stand —these are themes that engage Mr. Steinbeck's somewhat pedestrian fancy as his pleasingly written little story makes its way, with few amusing surprises, towards its all too foreseeable end.



—*By William Pène du Bois for "The Short Reign of Pippin IV."*

Jan De Hartog

Jungle Salvation

"The Spiral Road," by Jan De Hartog *(Harper. 465 pp. $4.95), describes the progress of a group of men and women doing missionary work in the Borneo jungle.*

By Edmund Fuller

THE talents and versatility of Jan De Hartog have been demonstrated abundantly. Familiarity with his excellent body of work, however, did not prepare me for the experience of "The Spiral Road." At its peak moments it is a shattering novel, a book that purges in its power and luminosity, and enthralls with its sweep of narrative, its exotic richness, and its occasional Rabelaisian humors. It is a shining book.

You could say that it belongs almost equally to two categories of perennial appeal—the doctor novel or the religious novel. Yet to call "The Spiral Road" either or both of these is too restricted. It is what the novel should be, a complex and intense story about almost the full gamut of human behavior, befuddlement, anguish, achievement, and quest.

Its protagonist is Anton Zorgdrager, born into near poverty in Amsterdam. His desire to be a doctor could gain fulfilment only one way—training at government expense, with a pledge of ten years of service in the Government Health Service in the Dutch East Indies. Thus Anton, a fledging physician (a *totok*), finds himself sent alone and terrified, with a native crew, up a long jungle river in Borneo, toward a plague epidemic and a legendary figure called Dr. Brits-Jansen.

This epic can best be suggested by isolating a few of its major elements. Consider Brits-Jansen, both heroically and comically Rabelaisian, corpu-

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lent and fantastic, at once sensitive and obtuse. He is the foremost authority on leprosy, working with it a lifetime in the festering jungle. To Anton he is sometimes scourge, sometimes beloved mentor. We meet him burning down a jungle palace, playing billiards on a moth-eaten table with a wizened and leprous sultan, at the bedside of a dying saint, and as a prime celebrant in a drunken banquet "like the last hours of Pompeii." Anton perceives him as "a great romantic, a knight out of a legend, wandering alone in a virgin wilderness, haunted by demons and an undying hope."

I have read many conversion stories, but remember none with the sweep and contrast of the progression of Willem and Betsy Waterreus from robbery and brothels in the dregs of Amsterdam, to a jungle career as Salvation Army missionaries. For Betsy there was to be a long hideous stinking death of leprosy, accepted with such serenity that her final room of agony emanated a tangible spiritual force as "a blind, mutilated woman lay dying in a blaze of glory."

For Willem, Anton's diagnostic insight brought relief from a peculiar moral ordeal. The old man, in turn, was to salvage Anton in both body and spirit. Mr. De Hartog's writing, in these areas, is informed by a profoundly Christian understanding of the nature of Man. The extremes of the human condition he can portray in one person do not weaken, but confirm, his insight into the capacities and possibilities of our perplexing species for both good and evil.

Anton's story is continuous—medical, spiritual, and marital. He bungles fearfully when his sweetheart, Els, comes East to marry him and finds a stranger. His spiritual journey is foreshadowed early by the man who says, "In the jungle, God takes people who say He doesn't exist on His pitchfork and makes them squirm. He is different in the East; in Holland you can ignore him, but in the jungle you'll hear him humming."

With all these human elements, its elaborate jungle mystique (I wonder if some of it touches cliché), with its color, with its plot so large that at times it almost slips from De Hartog's hands, "The Spiral Road" (evolution is the title's reference) suggests by texture and scope a major novel in its exciting initial impact. It seems to me to be one of the events of the season, and for Mr. De Hartog, a breakthrough to new stature.

PIRATE OF THE ZUYDER ZEE: How great a departure "The Spiral Road" is for Jan De Hartog can be seen by a glance at his life story up to now. Except for a play "The Fourposter," his efforts thus far now all grew out of his sea and war experiences. In the romantic tradition of the great sea writers, ten-year-old Jan ran away from his home near the salty coast of the Netherlands to work on a fishing boat in the Zuyder Zee. Since then, in spite of periodic ventures into shore jobs, he never failed to harken to the call of the sea for long. After his stint as a fisherman, he shipped as a cabin boy on a schooner, then went respectable by entering the Amsterdam Naval College. It soon became evident that the academic approach to seamanship was not for him, for he was expelled within a few months, and given a terse explanation by the authorities: "This school is not for pirates." After serving on various ocean-going tugs until he was eighteen—some sailors say that handling towing gear in bad weather is the hardest kind of seamanship—young De Hartog became an Inspector for the Amsterdam Harbor Police. The long inactive hours of night duty in the harbor gave him time to try his hand at writing, and in time he started selling stories to an Amsterdam newspaper. An Amsterdam producer, needing technical advice in putting on a nautical play, remembered De Hartog's sea stories and engaged him as a consultant. Before he knew it, the young sailor-policeman-writer was so fascinated by the theatre that he attempted the dramatic form, and his first play, "The End of the *Liberty*," was a success. A novel, "Holland's Glory," followed in 1940. Then came the events that turned him from a Dutch into an English author. With the defeat and occupation of the Netherlands by Germany, De Hartog became a Resistance fighter, ultimately escaping to England, where he learned that the Germans had sentenced him to death *in absentia*. By 1948 he had learned English well enough to follow the lead of his great predecessor Joseph Conrad, and publish "The Fourposter" in his adopted language. His success as a writer brought him enough money to enable him to buy a large fishing boat, the *Rival*, to serve as a home for his wife Angela, J. B. Priestley's eldest daughter, and their two children. At forty-three, De Hartog still follows the sailor's life, navigating the *Rival* along the seacoast of Northern Europe.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

Search for Grace

"The Towers of Trebizond," by Rose Macaulay *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 277 pp. $3.75), is the comic but meaningful story of three Englishmen on a zestful, irreverent pilgrimage to the Black Sea and beyond.*

By Walter Havighurst

A MIXTURE of the comic, the exotic, and the grave makes up "The Towers of Trebizond," Rose Macaulay's brilliant novel of a journey to the Black Sea and beyond. The comic appears in the first sentence, which concerns a camel sharing a shed with an Austin motor car in an Oxfordshire village, and it persists through the adventures and misadventures of the long pilgrimage. The exotic develops in a whole sequence of richly portrayed travel scenes, and the grave arises from a troubled love story and a search for religious grace.

It is a slender story in a narrative full of splendor, the story of a young Englishwoman who travels in the shadow of her aunt, the doughty Mrs. ffoulkes-Corbett, widow of a zealous Anglican missionary, and the Reverend Hugh Chantry-Pigg, an elderly bigot who hopes to establish a mission somewhere in heathen Turkey. Chantry-Pigg is an undeviating churchman, bent on spreading the true light, but the two women are pervious to the appeal of an exotic land. They are excited by the romance of deserts, mountains, and the sea, and often that excitement sets off a whole breathless procession of exotic images: "...paved roads running down to the port where the ships go in and out with purple sails . . . and camel caravans coming up from Arabia . . . heading for Byzantium and the Bosphorus, and the walls of Acre standing in the green sea, and the Sea of Galilee in the dawn, and Jerash standing with its carved colonnades in the mountains, and Tenebrae in the darkness of some great church, and Mass among tall candles."

Here is a blend of pagan and Christian, of the Church and the world, a blend which the novel uses with steadily increasing richness. It is a discursive book, crowded with pictures and alive with observations. It discusses architecture, archeology, classical scholarship, and systematic theology. It discourses lyrically and irreverently upon the extravagant pageant of contradictions which is the Christian Church. Trebizond, the fabled city of enchantment, is a symbol

(*Continued on page* 48)

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—From the book.

Interior of a basilica—example of space and scale in ancient Greece.

What a Building Says

"Architecture As Space," by Bruno Zevi *(translated by Milton Gendel. Horizon Press. 288 pp. 186 illus. $7.50), is a discussion by a leading Italian practitioner of the development of architecture in terms of what the structure encloses. It is reviewed by Professor Martin James of Brooklyn College's art department.*

By Martin James

THE TOURIST alighting at Rome's airport could do worse, by way of travel reading, than to carry its designer's book under his arm. Elegantly Englished by the art critic Milton Gendel, Bruno Zevi's "Architecture As Space" is by no means the condescending initiation one might guess from its subtitle, "How to Look at Architecture." It does take a very thin slice through architectural history; but, far from the shrunken encyclopedias we call textbooks, the piecemeal information of the guide books, or the pulled-out-of-the-hat books on architectural theory, it is a vigorous search into the nature of architecture's language. Its abundantly illustrated discussion, conceived from the start in visual terms, puts us on more intimate terms with the environment in which we "live."

Like the movement of some of the spaces he describes, Mr. Zevi's thought radiates from a single center. What is it that forms architecture's raw material, gives architecture its emotional impact, differentiates one building's expression from another's, and supplies the "drama" and "dialectic" of all memorable edifices? Is not this protagonist, so differently handled by different authors—*space*—also the most intangible factor and the one most easily overlooked? Surely it is spatiality that distinguishes architecture *qua* architecture from scenic design, painting, or sculpture.

More exactly, it is architecture's *inner* space. This will not surprise those who habitually view building as shelter, therefore as space enclosure. But buildings are seen from the outside too, in fact the composition of facades, of elevations is sometimes mistaken for the art of architecture itself. If we view architecture not as isolated buildings but as environment, we see that all construction on the architectural scale—cloister, piazza, street, or landscape design—to some extent encloses man, who therefore moves within something larger than himself.

Such "visual" or "formal" analysis of art began only a couple of generations ago with art historians such as Wölfflin, and then mainly in connection with painting and graphics. The approach made little headway in architectural circles, Mr. Zevi complains, partly because architecture, unlike painting, cannot be reproduced. Still photographs freeze and therefore negate what is in reality a dynamic, enveloping experience. Plans and elevations are such partial abstractions that even an architect would fail to read from the elevation of Frank Lloyd Wright's Bear Run its uniquely interpenetrating, ever shifting relations of planes criss-crossing at different levels. Not Cubism, not even the motion picture (despite its great promise for architectural education) possess "that main spring of complete and voluntary participation, that consciousness of free movement." From Michelangelo's ground plan of Saint Peter's, Mr. Zevi diagrams eight possible interpretations of the church's interior space, all possible, all valid. "Space in actuality is grasped through an infinite number of paths."

Leaving aside (for the time being) history, archeology, biography, esthetic or moral judgment, Mr. Zevi would interpret first of all what a building directly "says." Thus spatially seen, the Parthenon forms a closed block-like, crystalline volume, communicating a sense of equilibrium, of stability, perhaps of perfection. We may very well say, in the way of explanation, that the Greeks limited themselves to post and lintel construction, or that they built temples as God-houses, not gathering places, or that their mild climate encouraged outdoor life, or that they leaned towards abstract contemplation and saw things as self-contained wholes—but all these very significant considerations only lead up to that unique fact of perception, that starting point of experience which is the Parthenon.

We can think of the history of architecture, then—its primary, not its ultimate history—as a series of spatial revolutions. Roman builders full of technological daring, enclosed vast, but rather static spaces within heavy symmetrical walls and vaults. They vitalized this space to a degree, and foreshadowed a new spatial dynamism, which comes into its own in early Christian and Byzantine art. From entrance to altar and apse, the Christian basilica "had only one dynamic measure: the observer's trajectory through the building. . . . As you walk you are accompanied by a rhythm of columns and arches. . . . You feel that you are an organic part of space which has been created for you." The Byzantine Church adds the "soaring Neo-Platonic quality of the Eastern Church . . . expanding the octagon, denying its geometrically closed and easily apprehended form, and amplifying it indefinitely by covering the walls with mosaics . . . the shining and scintillating wall becomes a thin, delicate surface material, sensitized by the propulsions and pres-

(*Continued on page* 47)

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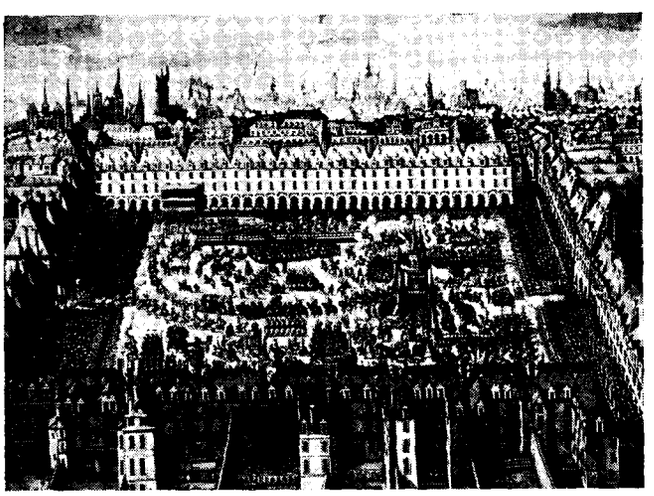
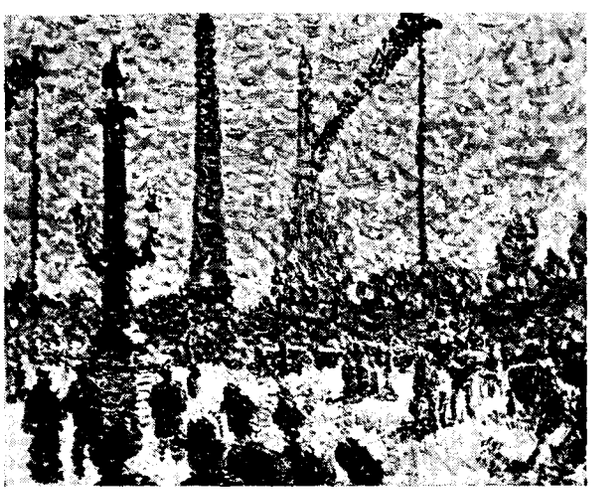
Edouard Vuillard: "The Park." 1898.

Maurice Utrillo: Porte Saint-Martin. 1905-1910.



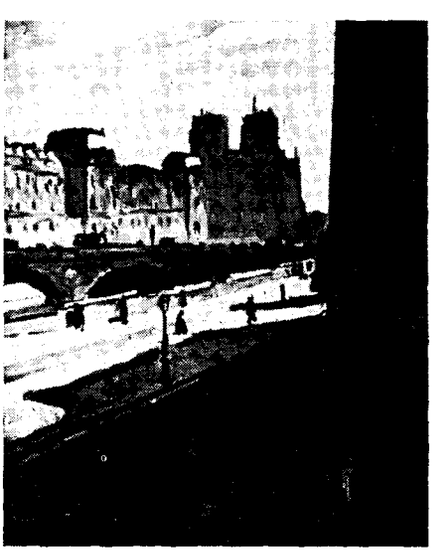
Anonymous: Tournament held on the Place Royale for the Marriage of Louis XIII, 1615.



Louis Hayet: "Place de la Concorde." 1889.

The Painter's Eye on Paris

SPRING and Paris are forever linked in men's minds, and to celebrate the liaison the Swiss art book publisher Albert Skira has just issued two handsome little volumes from which the pictures on this page are drawn. **"Paris in the Past"** and **"Paris in Our Time"** (Skira, $6.50 each) reproduce in 142 of Skira's characteristically high-colored plates the city and its people as seen by sixty-five painters from the fourteenth-century monk Yves to twentieth-century Nicolas de Staël. Among the artists in between are Watteau, David, Corot, Renoir, Manet, Degas, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Matisse, Chagall, and Picasso. "Our guiding principle in compiling [these volumes]," Pierre Courthion explains, "has been to reject out of hand all pictures, whatever their documentary or iconographic value, which do not come up to a certain artistic standard." Thus the reproductions are more a commentary on changing styles in art, dress, and architecture than a comprehensive history of the city and its life, although M. Courthion's agreeably informative text helps compensate for some of consequences of the valid but nevertheless restricting editorial conception. The translation is the work of James Emmons and Stuart Gilbert.



Albert Marquet: "Notre Dame." 1905.

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FOUR MEN'S STORIES

In Newly Published Memoirs Well-Travelled Males Take A Somewhat Jaundiced View of What They've Seen

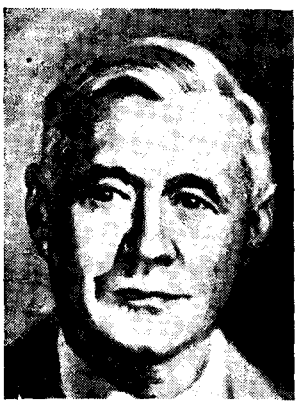
—Abdoo.

LAURENCE HEWES, a New Deal bureaucrat in the Department of Agriculture, was personally involved in dramatic situations: the pathetic influx of Okies into California; the tragic relocation of Japanese-Americans in 1942; the emergency recruitment of wartime farm laborers in Mexico, and Japan's revolutionary postwar land reform program. He was associated, in these and other activities, with colorful and even celebrated people—Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Rexford Tugwell, Ruiz Cortines—not to mention politicians on every echelon of government.

But, for the most part, the dramatic situations are submerged in an ocean of extraneous detail in his autobiography, **"Boxcar in the Sand"** (Knopf, $4.75); and the colorful personalities get lost in some of the season's most turgid prose.

Mr. Hewes's failure, as a writer and a reporter, is twofold. He does not inform and he does not entertain. Although circumstances enabled him to participate more fully than most Americans in the history of his time, he does not succeed in making the things he saw and the people he met seem important or vivid. Nevertheless, the persevering reader will discover some rewarding passages about Japan, California, and Mexico—where Mr. Hewes is writing about what he did and saw and not philosophizing about the meaning of life or recounting the petty mishaps, sightseeing tours, and digressive anecdotes with which his book is cluttered.

Book-writing is not for amateurs, and Mr. Hewes, for all his experience as an administrator, is an amateur in the writing business. One of the first things he should have done was to decide whether his book was going to be about natural resources or about Lawrence Hewes. But he didn't, and the result is that the book doesn't tell you very much about either. If he had a story worth telling—and I think he has several—he should have sought professional help in getting it told. —WILLIAM ATTWOOD.



—Portrait by Richard Townsend

EDISON MARSHALL is an admittedly superstitious man, with a mystical half belief in the gods of the chase. His book **"The Heart of the Hunter"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95) is an apologia with a variety of explanations of why, when he was not writing love stories for the slick magazines, he was knocking himself out in the pursuit of dead trophies for his den, an interior decorator gone berserk. Like Bob Ruark, whose "Horn of the Hunter" is tougher but similar, he didn't collect trophies but "memorials" to the great beasts he provoked to confront him. British Columbia was his first happy hunting ground, where he felled caribou and grizzly and the giant Kodiak bear, and learned to love the solitude of being snowbound with his guide in a mountain cabin, the fire roaring, and at hand the book which he would ration to twenty pages a night. Food was good because he was desperately hungry for it; quiet was wonderful after the howling of the day's dangers. Anticipation and respite were as important as the kill.

In Africa he stalked lion, elephant, rhino, pitying them, fearful of them, and loving them dead. Theirs was a nobler death than that of the cattle in Chicago stockyards, the rhino lurching toward him with myopic eyes, the elephant losing him in the wind, the lion hating him and everything as it roared, quite publicly, down the dongas, the dried river beds. It was he who, as he puts it, was the "plaything," the "puppet" of the chase.

In India he followed the stink of the grandfather Bengal tigers, who molested the peasants' herds, and shot the stripes off them from the shelter of a cave or a machon (a nest in a tree), or the back of a libidinous old-maid elephant with an eye to the rogue elephants which were her master's game. And he hunted in Bhutan and Burma and Indo-China, where he shot the great sambur and saladang. There the tigers came to him because he had bought domestic cattle and chained them alive as bait.

This is an excellent tale of hunting for those who would like to see baleful eyes in the dark, or the tawny monster coming at them from the sun. It is a book of audience-participation, with its author as timid as you are on the long marches through plains and jungles, in love with fear and sick with the fear that he might not fulfill the guides' belief in him, seeing neither the people nor their strange lands, blindly unaware that the only trophy worthy of a sportsman is a steak. —HASSOLDT DAVIS.

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ALBION ROSS has had a terrific career all over the world as a foreign correspondent. He has had the kind of close view of one of the most exciting periods in history to make most U.S. newsmen wildly envious. But it left Albion Ross cold—or hostile. For since childhood he has sought to "go home"—to escape from history and from himself into a static state of "togetherness" which, he believes, was man's condition in most of his "happier" past.

—Arthur H. Firmin.

Imagine a newsman who brushes off several years' experience in the armed forces of his country in one of the most crucial wars of all times—World War II—in precisely eight lines—and returns to his search for the primitive—which he calls the "organic" society! Yet scared or not, Albion Ross is an attractive personality. He has a rare sympathy with sufferers (and plenty of self-pity). He loves nature. He writes well. He is modest. In identifying himself with ordinary "bewildered" people, he describes himself as an "average" correspondent. He was much better than that. He saw a lot and understood what he saw. But since he shared "the ordinary mortal's desire for history to let him alone" his book concerns itself more with "the predicament of ordinary people in this age of transition than with the greatness of historic events." **"Journey of an American"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50) is a radical repudiation of Western life since the Renaissance by an American weary of politics and of progress, who seeks what he calls "home, that refuge from bewilderment." The book is the description of his frantic flight from today's reality. It is largely devoted to obsolescent "organic" societies—the communal living of European peasants, the closed Iberian society (into which he has now retired), Far Eastern and Moslem communities, and "the organically rooted and intimately linked family, clan and tribal groups" in savage Africa. Such, he believes, offered man a true "home."

Some of Ross's criticisms of modern society are penetrating. The trouble is that he supposes his unhappiness is man's, his preference the "true" one. But, obviously, no one condition can satisfy all existing types of people. Static societies could become an intolerable bore. For the real trouble with modern life is not the ardent pursuit of competitive goals but the low value of many of the goals pursued.

Nonetheless, Albion Ross's ideas are so akin to those of the organizers of noncompetitive American schools, his flight from history so sympathetic to our many prematurely married and freely proliferating youngsters that they may be tempted into recognizing "Journey of an American" as the justification of their own effort to "escape from history."

—EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

NEGLEY FARSON told his eleven-year-old son as they sat on a windswept Alp: "At one time or another . . . every nation has been crooked . . . Collectively, most people have been murderers. The story of them is what is called History."

What a way to "see the world"! Worse, what a wicked, indecent thing to tell an impressionable child who has yet to grow up and live in it! It made me angry when I read **"A Mirror for Narcissus"** (Doubleday, $3.95), for I, too, have an eleven-year-old son. Moreover, since my professional life in many respects has paralleled that of the author's, it made me even more furious to learn some pages later that all foreign correspondents inevitably become misanthropes and dipsos "because of the disgust we get from reporting the affairs of the poor damned human race."

—Arni.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, to be sure. But what makes the foreign correspondent worth his salt is an abiding tolerance, understanding, and appreciation for his fellow man as an individual—good, bad, or indifferent.

The true reporter must not generalize. He must not moralize. He must not provide a "mirror for Narcissus." Above all, he must hold fast to certain intrinsicalities—curiosity, sensitivity, and a zest for life and living—or his usefulness as a reporter ends.

As for becoming dipsos, drink is not, as Mr. Farson asserts, an "occupational disease" for the foreign correspondent. Certainly we drank, and perhaps a bit more than the average; although normally this was true only in times of crisis when we had to work under deadline tension. Even so, I have never yet met a first-line correspondent who felt impelled, as the author, to down four double whiskeys in a row before he could go out to lunch with someone of importance. It is specious, therefore, for Negley Farson to attribute not only his alcoholism but his near crack-up to this "occupational disease." Indeed, he is almost obsessed with it, for much of the book concerns itself with his lifelong battle with the bottle.

Frankly, from a literary standpoint, I found those introspective segments far more interesting than the rest of the book, which for the most part is composed of a succession of rambling, disconnected, and oftentimes quite incoherent vignettes.

Two full chapters are devoted to his experiences in a German sanatorium, where, threatened with complete mental and physical collapse, Mr. Farson strove to determine which of his complaints was due to attitude and which to alcohol. In these pages we are given a rare portrayal of his doctor, Professor Bumke, the specialist whom the Russians had flown to Moscow in the hope that he might save the dying Lenin.

While frequently disturbed and even angered by some of the things the author says, I found myself nonetheless provoked to read all the way through his book. In that respect, perhaps, it fulfills its purpose as a volume deserving at least a fair measure of consideration.

—HARRISON FORMAN.

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A Contemporary Classicist

"In the Rose of Time," by Robert Fitzgerald *(New Directions. 150 pp. $3), brings together in one handsome volume what the poet considers his best work written between 1931 and 1943, together with fifteen more recent poems.*

By Byron Vazakas

WHILE the poetry of Robert Fitzgerald has been recognized and respected by most of the initiate in the reading of modern verse, it has not yet been accorded the fanfare of some similar talents. Nevertheless, Fitzgerald has persisted. In a beautifully printed volume entitled "In the Rose of Time" he has included most of what he considers his best work from two previous books, "Poems" (1935) and "A Wreath for the Sea" (1943) as well as fifteen new poems.

Fitzgerald's material ranges through graceful lyrics to long, autobiographical recitatives, taking in translations from the Latin on the way. Among the most amiable qualities of Fitzgerald's writing are calm and lucidity. These classic virtues are further indicated by the adaptive translations, mentioned, however, with charming facetiousness:

> That vast contemptuous revery
> between
> Antiquity and you.

Fitzgerald's lines are clean; and despite their often personal character, coolly objective. Of course such attributes are personality factors in the poet himself and his influences, as Sainte-Beuve and Arnold observed. Here is none of the pseudo-elegance of dependence on superficialities of form, like wearing borrowed clothes, but an authentic grace implicit in the nature of the poems. It is a genuine poetry developing from an inner, organic need which, after all, is the hallmark of good things at all times. Its classic qualities geometrically balance form and content, the realities of existence with poetic imagination. This poet has something to say, and says it very well. His work is neither obscure nor obvious, neither cryptic nor platitudinous. And even the lightest of his lyrics sustain a substantial subject:

> To note in the cold Boston bay
> The flouncing light on the clean
> arches;
> To know with exact hate the way
> A faking builder stuffs and
> starches;
> To stand amid his Where and
> Whence
> With verse in never-ending bout,
> To figure some unworldly sense
> And keep the melodic nonsense
> out;

With the casual air of a craftsman in full control of his medium, Fitzgerald delights equally with his content and his technique. For all their ease, their urbanity, many of the poems are tragic in content as well as acutely evocative of the minutiae of sensory experience:

> The late cars on the road and
> crossing whistles,
> Both near and far, were that
> man's requiem

Fitzgerald's poetry is something that can be savored by the most sophisticated fellow artist as well as just simply enjoyed by the layman. It is the kind of poetry that most readers really seem to want and seldom get: a recognizable subject in a pleasing form. Such a definition could be termed Philistine were it not that there is a parallel in the graphic arts to the poetic realism of such painters

as Andrew Wyeth the younger, and Paul Cadmus, among others. It is subjective without being non-objective:

> Now the frost
> Holds, and the winter, and the
> winter sun,
> As a single stranger, ducking
> against the sting
> That blows across lots, comes, and
> at a corner
> Heaves his old overcoat apart,
> scrabbling
> Up from his hip a sticky ball of
> handkerchiefs:
> Out for an airing on Sunday aft-
> ernoon.

Whether it is a result of training, Jesuit training, in the classics, and/or the Catholic discipline often referred to in the poems, somehow the reader's own predilections are not involved to the point of controversy. While, like any good art, it is inescapably part of its subject, it also adds another dimension to form and content, both containing and transcending them in the way music encourages reveries. A non-Catholic might be affected by the poems as an agnostic art connoisseur might be enchanted with the painting of Fra Angelico, which the poet mentions.

Something extra shines through: probably the spirit of the artist. What does come through is a voice speaking beautifully and plausibly about with it knows. The poem "Aubade," about dawn coming to the city, is an example of the poet's capacity to wed the solid and the ethereal:

> Earth quickens in the nebula
> With jetting stoves, pet-pet of mo-
> tors,
> Heel-beat on grill.
>
> O Lord Apollo
> Holy fane and wind vane shining,
> clear
> Glass stunned by the sun—
> the waves
> Doff purest laces, sails, doves on
> the water.

Fitzgerald's poetry is the kind of work that speaks so well for itself that the temptation toward all quotation and little comment is just as compelling as the opposite. The few lines given here are chosen almost at random from so much quotable richness. It is difficult to do justice to work that justifies itself, and certainly an impertinence to try. The only excuse is to point that out. And, of course, to avoid the vice of reading arcane things into it.

But what, finally, is the reverse? Nothing human being perfect, certain lines, especially from his first book, "Poems," are reminiscent of Pound and Eliot, sometimes via MacLeish. However, it was a good discipline; and the apprenticeship is more absorbed in his second book.

Also, it is a wonderment how a

(*Continued on page* 50)

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GOOD READING FOR SPRING

SR's Seasonal Book Poll

SR HAS asked the book editors of thirty leading newspapers each to name half a dozen books they have read thus far this spring that they believe deserve the attention of discriminating readers. Their favorites:

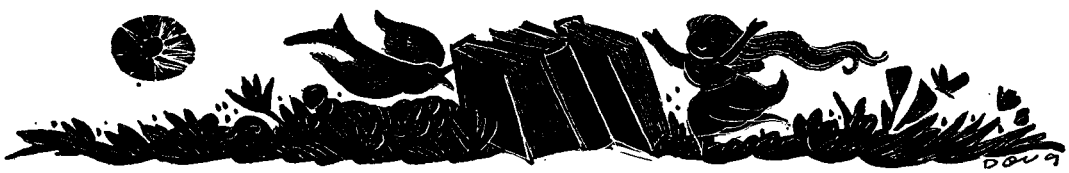
Ten nominations: "The Crisis of the Social Order," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Nine nominations: "The Lion and the Throne," by Catherine Drinker Bowen.

Eight nominations: "The Bridge at Andau," by James Michener; "The Town," by William Faulkner.

Six nominations: "Day of Infamy," by Walter Lord; "Poets in a Landscape," by Gilbert Highet; "The Wapshot Chronicle," by John Cheever.

The annotations to the 86 titles named were made by Rollene Waterman.



Fiction

EIGHT VOTES

THE TOWN. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* $3.95.
The second in the master's massive trilogy about the greedy Snopes of Yoknapatawpha County. (Barkham, Bradley, Cross, Flowers, O'Neill, Perkin, Tinkle, Wyllie)

SIX VOTES

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE. *By John Cheever. Harper.* $3.50.
The Yankee village of St. Botolphs and its Wapshot family, both fallen from eminence, are the subject of this first novel by the well-known short-story writer. (Dolbier, Hogan, Kogan, McManis, Nordell, Tinkle)

FIVE VOTES

A LEGACY. *By Sybille Bedford. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
An elegant and original novel of aristocratic families, Catholic and Jewish, in opulent nineteenth-century Germany. (Dolbier, Molyneux, Nordell, T. B. Sherman, Troy)

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV. *By John Steinbeck. Viking.* $3.
Several shelves removed from "Grapes of Wrath," this is a light bit of satire about an aging astronomer who finds himself the mighty ruler of the French. (Herzberg, Nichols, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle, Yeiser)

FOUR VOTES

THE FALL. *By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Knopf.* $3.
A philosophical discourse in the form of an epigrammatic confession by a Parisian lawyer who has fled to Amsterdam. (Bradley, Cross, Dolbier, Tinkle)

PNIN. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Doubleday.* $3.50.
The gentle and preposterous Professor Timofey Pnin and his misadventures in this strange jungle that is America provide the situations for a rambling and amusing novel. (Hogan, Little, Nichols, Snajdr)

THREE VOTES

THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL. *By Brian Moore. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
The dreary Belfast existence of a lonely bachelor schoolteacher gets jogged up a bit when he meets a pretty colleen. (Hass, Nichols, Wyllie)

THE LAST ANGRY MAN. *By Gerald Green. Scribners.* $4.50.
Enough material for three good novels, with the powerful character of Samuel Abelman, Brooklyn physician, manages to hold it all together. (Cady, Cross, Molyneux)

TWO VOTES

CHALLENGE TO VENUS. *By Charles Morgan. Macmillan.* $4.50.
An Italian widow and a proper Englishman are the bedazzled lovers in this romantic story set in an ancient Italian hill town. (Douglas, Smith)

THE DURABLE FIRE. *By Howard Swiggett. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
A Big Business novel and the inevitable struggle for power with a love story as an added fillip. (Bond, McManis)

THE HOMECOMING GAME. *By Howard Nemerov. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
What happens when a college professor flunks the star football player just before the Big Game. (Emmart, Hass)

THE LADY. *By Conrad Richter. Knopf.* $3.
A novel of New Mexican frontier days with Doña Ellen, the local judge's wife, as the magnetic heroine of a sparely told tale. (Babcock, Bond)

THE PHILADELPHIAN. *By Richard Powell. Scribner's.* $3.95.
A seventh-generation Philadelphian's novel about a young successful lawyer and all the things that happened to his family and himself before he got that way. (Hogan, McManis)

SAY, DARLING. *By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
The amusing experiences of a country lad who goes to the Big City with the book for a musical comedy and emerges wiser and richer. (Barkham, Hutchens)

ONE VOTE

BACH AND THE HEAVENLY CHOIR. *By Johannes Rüber. Translated by Maurice Michael. World.* $3.
A whimsical story of a musical Pope and his cherished plans to canonize Bach. (Troy)

THE BIG WAR. *By Anton Myrer. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $4.95.
A rough-and-tumble novel of Marines in the South Pacific during World War II. (Babcock)

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.
The grotesque and disheartened characters of these four novels recall the Thirties at least with interest, if not with nostalgia. (Hogan)

THE DARK OF SUMMER. *By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95.
A highly romantic novel of love, mystery, and adventurous men-at-arms. (Troy)

THE GREEN DRAGOON. *By Robert D. Bass. Holt.* $5.75.
A double biography of Banastre Tarleton,

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE thirty book editors and reviewers who participated in *SR*'s ninth annual spring book poll:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor
Eloise Perry Hazard

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Book Review Editor
Raymond Walters, Jr.

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

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Editorial Production
Dorothy Chadbourn

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Henry Seidel Canby

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

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Christopher Morley

THE death of Christopher Morley in his sixty-sixth year, after a long illness, is a sad reminder of bygone days to the staff of this magazine. With Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, and William Rose Benét he was one of the four founders of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. For seventeen years Morley's famous *SRL* column, The Bowling Green, was unfailingly entertaining and brilliant, whether he was writing from New York or reporting his adventures in France or England. During these years he was writing book after book of literary essays, plays, and novels, and as if this were not enough he added another weekly column to *SRL*, Trade Winds, which under the guidance of Bennett Cerf and others has continued to this day.

In the first volume of "Twentieth Century Authors" Morley wrote his own brief obituary: "It can hardly be denied that Morley was versatile, though he would have preferred the adjective applied in a zoological rather than a popular sense. His habit of oblique or evasive attack, which is puzzling to the eyebrows and perfectly understandable to John Doe, usually won for him the word 'whimsical.' He called it 'the emetic epithet.'" He added a dismal last sentence. "The best part of his interment will be private."

The writer of this memorial to a large and vigorous man must admit that he found Chris Morley somewhat alarming. How could a man have so many facets, so many preoccupations? How could he roar with laughter at one moment and smile and scowl at the next? How could he have written and edited forty or more books of fiction, essays, plays, and autobiography, to say nothing of his reviews and articles and his weekly chores for *The Saturday Review*? Where did he get the time to stage antique melodramas for his theatrical company in Hoboken, to found that quaint and amusing enterprise called the "Baker Street Irregulars," or to dine at his Three Hours for Luncheon Club? When did he find the time to write or sleep?

Many of Morley's brief essays written for The Bowling Green were sensitive and charming, and he had a passionate love of good literature. In 1925 he wrote, "Literature is not a commodity that can be valued at an appraising warehouse. It seems grotesque to have to insist on it again and again, but literature is the sudden expression of the fierce, hilarious lives of human beings." If you read one of the volumes of his poetry, or indeed his essays, you may find that he had a certain preoccupation with death as well as with fierce, hilarious lives. "My copy of Crossland's 'Collected Poems' is not handy," he wrote, "but a few weeks ago I found myself thinking of him. The concluding line of one of his sonnets comes to me with a thrill—'And Death must dig the level where these agree.'"

Morley was a poet, novelist, essayist, critic of high rank. Only the future can decide how high. Although he was born in America he seemed to belong to London, to Oxford, to the calmer tempo of British intellectual life. He was a man in a hurry, a man who had too many talents, too much to say. His reports of his travels in France, his admiration of the creativity and pleasant nonsense of the Latin quarter of Paris in the late Twenties and early Thirties, were amusing and charming. He returned to New York to view the dismal spectacle of American talent, or genius, in the slow process of destruction or annihilation. There was Thomas Wolfe, a giant of a man who died in youth; F. Scott Fitzgerald, who was soon to end his career with his brief but devastating "The Crack-Up"; Sinclair Lewis, who died alone in Rome; Hart Crane, perhaps our greatest modern poet, who spent his Guggenheim Fellowship in drink and debauchery in Mexico and jumped into the Gulf of Mexico on his way home.

There were many others who had run dry or could not keep up with the pace and the tensions of a changing world. Morley, in a review of Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life," describes the American scene: "Is there any sensitive person who has not found himself continually pampered and thwarted in his justest impulsives, calloused by the friction of competing hopes, crazed by the tragedy of meaningless hastes and bickerings, through tottering an errant course rather than proceeding with the clear sobriety of art?"

THERE are few American writers who have so completely revealed themselves from youth to middle age. For a time in his college days he hung "in tender equilibrium" among various possibilities, enamoured of mathematics and physics and the charms of integral calculus. When he fell under "the superlative spell of R. L. Stevenson, in whom the cunning enchantment of the written word first became manifest," the die was cast. Poetry was his first love, "the log," he wrote, "of man's fugitive castaway soul upon a doomed and derelict planet." It was, however, a planet deeply loved by Chris Morley.

He was one of those few fortunate men who find pleasure in all things great or small. He knew New York from the Battery to Harlem, its streets, rivers, fabulous skyscrapers, bookstores, and restaurants, as a rural man knows his village. For most of his life he was a commuter, but he regarded that tiresome experience as an adventure. "Of a morning when the commuter climbs briskly upward from his dark tunnel," he wrote, "he moves again into the stirring pearl and blue of New York's lucid air. And at night when he returns and is dumped down and set free, as he climbs the long hill and tunes his thoughts in order, the sky is a froth of stars." —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY NOT DISSECT?

IN "MAN IS NOT A THING" (*SR* Mar. 16), Eric Fromm illustrates the tragic state to which psychology has fallen through a bankruptcy of faith in the scientific method. To indicate his anti-scientific attitude he asserts that "complete rational knowledge is possible only of *things.* Things can be dissected without being destroyed; they can be manipulated without damage to their nature; they can be reproduced. *Man is not a thing.* He cannot be dissected without being destroyed." What makes Dr. Fromm conclude that if the mind of man is "dissected" it will be destroyed? Since no complete investigation of the characteristics of the human mind under ideal laboratory conditions has ever been attempted, how can this be known? Dr. Fromm has committed a serious breach of scientific method; he has failed to give evidence in support of his conclusions.

HARRY KERASTAS.

Detroit, Mich.

SERIOUS BUSINESS

LET US HOPE that on some brighter tomorrow so skilled a psychological investigator as Dr. Fromm will turn his back on mystical flirtations and get down to the serious business of delineating the structure and functions of human intelligence.

JOHN R. BURR.

New York, N. Y.

NOTHING MYSTICAL

I WAS DISTURBED and amazed by the mystical and confusing concept of man displayed by Dr. Fromm. "The soul of man, the unique core of each individual, can never be grasped and described adequately." Does that mean that Dr. Fromm believes in that mystical entity—the soul—invented by primitive man? As for a unique core, there is no such a thing! What Dr. Fromm probably means is that we cannot predict what a man will do, how he will react to any specific situation. There is nothing mysterious or supernatural about that. If we could correlate man's genetical equations, climate, age, glandular conditions, education, environmental influences, culture, neurological pathways, and chemistry we could in all probability know man and predict what a man will do, how he will behave in any moment.

J. M. MARTINEZ.

Miami, Fla.

PSYCHOANALYTIC PIRACY

I AM A PSYCHOANALYST. I am appalled by Dr. J. A. Gengerelli's article "Psychoanalysis: Dogma or Discipline?" (*SR* Mar. 23). The great bulk of his criticism is directed at the results of the misapplication of psychoanalytic concepts—concepts which have been pirated from the body of psychoanalytic writings and used in an uncritical, essentially magical way—to the detriment of those to whom they have been applied, and incidentally to the reputation of psychoanalysis. I can hardly believe that Dr. Gengerelli is unaware of this state of affairs, but if he is not then he simply picks psychoanalysis as a scapegoat when he wishes to scold society, writers, and educators for indulging in patently absurd mumbo-jumbo accompanied by mouthings of psychoanalytic cliches.

DARYL E. DEBELL, M. D.

Berkeley, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There isn't any money in this literary review business, Dr. Johnson. Why don't you get into something connected with music?"

JEALOUSY?

I AM WONDERING just what import may be attached to articles and interviews in various communication media which take pot-shots at the psychoanalyst and psychoanalytical therapy. My observation is that these thrusts are made by people in other professions or vocations than the analyst. Can these barbs come from people who are jealous of the psychoanalyst and his method of achieving a permanent healing and cure of so many distressed and unhappy persons?

MARION H. BORDEN.

Pasadena, Calif.

NO ANXIETY

NOWHERE IN THE article did there appear a word about the central role of anxiety in the creation of disturbances in human behavior; nowhere was the major breakthrough of the importance of the unconscious and psychic reality stressed; the emphasis on sex was misinterpreted and given inordinate weight as one of Freud's contributions, rather than seeing that the focus on childhood and early experience is of vital importance in understanding the developing personality.

HERBERT M. PERR, M. D.

Rockville Center, N. Y.

ANOTHER KNIFE

ASIDE FROM stabbing another knife into the straw-man of progressive education, and neatly explaining early marriages by plucking the overworn note of adjustment, Dr. Gengerelli even came up with the "real" prescription for the Age of Anxiety—tranquilizing silence. It is most fortunate that in the same magazine, in Norman Cousins's editorial, we are told to talk, write, and act.

EUGENE MORNELL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WHY NOT TEST?

MIGHT IT NOT have been more constructive for Dr. Gengerelli to state that psychoanalysis is a theory, stick to it, and point out that in the case of psychoanalysis, as in the case of all behavior theories, the best way to judge validity is by testing hypotheses about behavior derived from the theory.

ROBERT S. ALBERT.

Emory University, Ga.

STRANGLING EMBRACE

FREUD IS REPUTED to have said that the medical profession would at last embrace his theories—but only to strangle them. He might have said the same thing about the teaching profession. Their answer to the hardships of the civilizing process has been to stop trying to make us civilized.

MERRILL MARTIN.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Self-delusion in Stockholm

STOCKHOLM.

EUGENE O'NEILL's **"A Touch of the Poet,"** now in its world premiere at Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theatre, is a distinguished and vital example of demon-driven dramaturgy. While the four-hour work, written *circa* 1939, follows a conventional play form, its nature can only be described as a human comedy hovering dangerously near the fires of tragedy. Self-delusion obsesses the play's central figure, retired Major Cornelius ("Con") Melody. Con, though he is the son of an Irish innkeeper, fancies himself as a Byron standing in the crowd but not of it. Feeding this aristocratic illusion are the facts that he did fight bravely under Wellington at the Battle of Talavera and that he keeps a thoroughbred mare.

Con's pretensions to refinement cost his family dearly and make him a lonely man in the Massachusetts of 1828, where he operates a wayside inn. He won't mix with the "Irish scum" around Boston and he is not accepted by the Yankee aristocrats. While his wife and daughter secretly enjoy his pretensions, to some extent, they at the same time spoil them for him: his wife, Nora, because she has so worn herself out with menial work to support his fancy ways that her appearance constantly reminds him of his unaristocratic marriage; his daughter, Sara, because she wants to rise in the world and attacks Con for a self-indulgence that stands in her way.

The situation comes to a head when Sara sets her cap for the young Yankee aristocrat Simon Harford. Simon's father insults Con by trying to buy him off and Con furiously sets out to avenge his honor. Unfortunately, the days in which such affairs were settled by duels had just passed and Con finds his expedition of revenge degenerating into a Donnybrook. This so disillusions him that he shoots the symbol of his predilection for aristocracy, his thoroughbred mare. Then, much chastened, he joins his class and discards his extravagances while Sara becomes engaged to young Simon.

This plot, which recalls Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," is only the bare bones of the play. O'Neill, who planned "A Touch of the Poet" as a part of an eleven-play cycle tracing the conflict between soul and matter through 150 years of American history, is concerned with the large questions of how European romance mixes with American materialism and of the impact of earthy immigrants on cold-blooded Yankees. As Nora points out, "When Con came here the chance was before him to make himself all his lies pretended to be. He had education above most Yanks and he had money enough to start him and this is a country where you can rise as high as you like and no one but the fools who envy you care what you rose from once you've the money and power that goes with it." O'Neill never shows much of the Yankee side of the picture.

Beyond a concern with social history O'Neill explores the relationship between pride and love; this is what moves contemporary audiences most. At the beginning of the play we learn that Con married Nora because he'd fallen in love with her, but was ashamed of her because her folks were only ignorant peasants. Later Nora tells Sara, "It's little you know of love and you nivir will for there's the same divil of pride in you that's in him and it'll kape you from ivir givin all of yourself and that's what love is." Sara argues, "I'll love—but I'll love when it'll gain me freedom and not put me in slavery for life." Nora replies, "There's no slavery in it when you love." This simple wisdom is proved in the fourth act when, after making love to Simon, Sara discovers, "I knew nothing of love or the pride a woman can take in giving everything—a woman can forgive whatever the man she loves could do and still love him, because it was through him she found the love in herself: in one way he doesn't count at all, because it's your own love you love in him and to keep that your pride will do anything." O'Neill finally celebrates the victory of love over false pride when, at the end of the play, Nora turns to Sara and says, "Shame on you to cry when you have love. What would the young man think of you?"

In the role of Con Melody Lars Hansson rises to one of the great virtuoso performances of our day, alternating a deep romantic charm and maddened rage. He hypnotizes us with a masterful variety of actions. Who will forget the dashing way he takes his stance before the full-length mirror, flicks a speck of lint from his sleeve, slings with calculated casualness his imaginary cape over his shoulder, and proceeds to recite Byron? When stung by Sara's rebukes, what sadistic relish burns in his eyes as he cruelly reminds her that she has the coarse body of a peasant. When he argues with his daughter he does it with the punctuated intensity of a Spanish dancer. He does not speak lines, he generates sound. His hysterical laughter fills the theatre, and his agonized squeak of ego-exorcism sears the entire audience. He can be gloriously exultant too, as he speaks of the freedom he feels when riding his horse. While some of his acting is artificial, he never loses his potential to terrify us at will.

Hansson—"great virtuoso performance."

Though played in contrasting quietness, Sif Ruud's Nora is just as memorable. As a dumpy woman prematurely aged by overwork, worry, and maltreatment, Miss Ruud manifests an uncomplicated overflow of indestructible love that immunizes her to our pity. The role of Sara is a difficult one. She must be both coarse and beautiful, both sharing her father's pretensions and railing against them. If Eva Dahlbeck doesn't quite accomplish all this she does manage to glow marvelously in the scene after she has given herself to her love.

If "A Touch of the Poet" suffers somewhat from overexposition, too many vital scenes occuring offstage, and a plethora of old-fashioned melodramatic plot details, it at the same time foreshadows O'Neills's growth into his final great period. He bluntly refuses to bribe the audience with smooth and facile writing. He seems to be saying, "Here's your damned exposition and climaxes. They are arbitrary and unreal. The true drama lies in the moments of anguish and love. Someday I shall dare to write 'Long Day's Journey Into Night,' which is pure anguish and love."—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Bermuda Holiday

BERMUDA.

MR. Earle Outerbridge, sixty-three-year-old dairy farmer and representative from Smith Parish to Bermuda's governing House of Assembly, has long been known in the colony as a vigorous, independent leader of popular causes. Last December he gained perhaps his most enduring claim to fame: he became Bermuda's patron saint of television. And since TV in Bermuda is now and most likely always will be American TV, the story of Earle Outerbridge and his victory for the Anglo-American alliance is a bright spot in the dark skies currently hovering between Westminster and Washington.

The battle began in 1956, when the U.S. Air Force TV station at Kindley Field applied to the colony's government for permission to broadcast on an island-wide basis. The families of some 900 American airmen live off the base, and Kindley Field wished to sustain their morale by bringing them America's leading sponsored programs (via kinescopes or TV recordings after they have been shown in the U.S.).

Bermuda's six-man Executive Council knew, of course, that American TV on the islands could provide effective competition for Bermuda's two commercial radio stations, as well as challenge the islands' half-dozen movie theatres. But no Bermudians owned TV sets last year; the island had an embargo on U.S. sets; and British sets which were permitted in under duty were not engineered to receive American TV. The Council therefore granted the U.S. Air Force request. Shortly thereafter a TV manufacturer in England evinced new interest in the Bermuda market. He shipped in five sets adapted to receive programs from Kindley Field. The Air Force station announced the next day that it was reducing its power from 240 kw. to 25 kw., which meant that only TV sets on the base or immediately adjacent to it could receive its programs. At once the American troops living off the base who were blacked-out dumped their Canadian-bought sets back on the base PX.

Earl Outerbridge had purchased one of the first five English TV sets sent in, along with an indoor "rabbit's ears" antenna. He saw "Strike It Rich," "The Big Story," "Hit Parade," "Twenty-One," "Kraft Theatre," and other American TV shows and he liked what he saw. When Kindley Field transmission was restricted Mr. Outerbridge raised a question in the Bermuda Parliament. He was told that American sponsors did not wish their programs viewed by Bermudians. When he queried the American consul and the U.S. military authorities, on the other hand, the Smith Parish representative was told that the objections were exclusively those of the island's government. Mr. Outerbridge had found himself another cause. He refused to let the matter die and prodded the thirty-six-man House of Assembly insistently. He cited the importance of British-American friendship, the employment derived by the colony from the presence of the U.S. Air Force and naval establishments, the annual 24 million dollars spent by American tourists in Bermuda, and he argued that attempting to isolate TV was akin to trying to stop the rise and fall of the ocean tides.

HE WAS especially concerned about the sad fate of the American families cut off from their native diet of commercial TV. The U.S. military discreetly held their peace but presumably welcomed the Outerbridge forensics. As for the Bermudians, they had not enjoyed such a stout public rally since the end of World War II, when European autos banished the traditional surreys with the fringe on top. Some were for American TV, some were against. The "against" had it in the House of Assembly. By a vote of 20-5, Parliament passed a law forbidding the erection of TV antennae on Bermuda. The stubborn Mr. Outerbridge immediately put up an antenna atop his hilltop "wilderness" house in Flatts Village. Three police chiefs were sent to "see for themselves" one afternoon. The "voice in the wilderness" invited them in for tea and TV. Privately, the chiefs admitted that what they saw was not at all bad, but "a policeman's lot is not . . ." Mr. Outerbridge was fined one pound.

The officiating magistrate, however, did not order him to take his TV antenna down. The law contained the words "continuing offense," and the worthy magistrate confessed he "did not know what a continuing offense was under British law." Mr. Outerbridge wrote more than thirty letters to the morning *Royal Gazette* and the afternoon *Mid-Ocean News* and stirred a tempest of controversy. Mr. Outerbridge was fined one pound a second time. He prepared to take the matter to the Bermuda Supreme Court.

Three days later the House majority capitulated. The law was repealed. The pressures had grown too powerful. English set manufacturers were buying American TV parts, building them into English sets and selling them in Bermuda. The American Consul objected, under these circumstances, to the embargo on U.S. sets. The embargo was removed. Today American TV sets are being sold in numbers on the islands. You see them in grocers' windows and in hardware shops, alongside signs reading: "Fish bait sold here."

American TV has come to stay in Bermuda. Close to 2,000 sets have been bought: there is a potential sale of perhaps 4,000 for the island's 40,000 population. Sixty per cent of the members of the reluctant House of Assembly who fought TV now have antennae on their own white rooftops. The triumphant Mr. Outerbridge predicts that all thirty-six will have TV in six months. "There would be a revolution in Bermuda," he states, "if they tried to take TV from the islanders now." He does not think that movie-going will be affected. As for radio, it still rules the day waves; the Air Force TV schedule starts at three in the afternoon. Local druggists report an increase in the sale of Geritol (the product advertised on "Twenty-One"), although some of the suspense inherent in Charles Van Doren's crescendo of cash is off for Mr. Outerbridge: the Kindley Field kinescopes are two months behind and he knows from his current copy of *Time* how much the professor won.

The crusader from Smith Parish likes American TV because, "It is educational. It exudes laughter, happiness, and a feeling of good fellowship." There is only one fly in Mr. Outerbridge's ointment. He wishes the Kindley Field station had not extended its broadcasts from ten to eleven in the evening. He has always been an inveterate reader, but now he pops into the living room at 8 p.m., watches one show . . . then another . . . and another . . . and another . . .

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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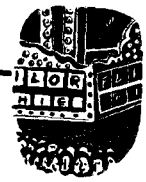

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Musicals a la Mode

THE fantastic world of fashion, a world in which incredibly slim young women assume impossible poses to show off improbable finery, has been brought to the screen in two new musicals, **"Funny Face"** (Paramount) and **"Designing Woman"** (M-G-M). Of these, Paramount's contribution is by far the better. It is, in fact, one of the best musicals since "Singin' in the Rain" and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." Which is scarcely surprising since it was directed by the same talented young man responsible for both those others, Stanley Donen. What may give "Funny Face" the edge over its illustrious predecessors are the presence of Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn as the film's co-stars, Kay Thompson heading its superb supporting cast, and the fresh, imaginative color work supervised by fashion photographer Richard Avedon.

True, "Funny Face" has one of those musical comedy plots that must be considered about par for the course. Astaire plays a photographer who discovers Miss Hepburn slaving away in a Greenwich Village bookshop, transforms her into a fashion model, and whisks her off to Paris to be shot in a gala array of de Givenchy gowns against just about every photogenic statue and square that Paris can boast. She falls in love with her Pygmalion in the process, he falls in love with her—and there is only token resistance provided by a French philosopher whose interest in the girl proves less than platonic.

But who goes to a musical for its story content? The studio has resurrected a good half-dozen of George Gershwin's most lilting tunes from the 1927 show of the same name (the only connection with the original), added to these a few more by producer Roger Edens (who once worked in pit bands under Gershwin), and encouraged Astaire, Eugene Loring, and Stanley Donen to devise some of their brightest choreography to accompany the music. As a result, the show seems to swing from song to song, with the plot serving as little more than an excuse to move on to the next.

Perhaps the best way to suggest the level of achievement in "Funny Face" is to note that the one number that seems intrusive, that seems to interrupt the flow of its movement, is a solo danced by Astaire in a Parisian courtyard. After some lovely work with straw-hat and umbrella, done with incredible fluency and precision, he slips into a mock bullfight that is every bit as fleet and surefooted as any of his routines of twenty years ago. For all this display of virtuosity, however, the dance itself comes as a break in the momentum of a film whose story and music are otherwise delightfully integrated.

"Funny Face" is literally brimming with wonderfully fresh and exhilarating moments. There are the strikingly smart opening titles, designed from Avedon's fashion photos; and Avedon's own inventive handling of color, light, and focus. A lovely adagio by Astaire and Hepburn, danced on a flower bank behind an old French church, for example, is photographed in watery pastels; Astaire taps around Hepburn in a darkroom lit only by the ruby red glare of a developing bulb; in a murky Left Bank *cave* Miss Hepburn pirouettes against blue-and-red splashes of color that lend far more atmosphere than illumination to the scene. Stanley Donen has staged such numbers as "Think Pink" and "Bonjour, Paris" with a lively awareness of the camera's ability to transform time and space, creating a kind of cinematic choreography out of Astaire's jaunty walk or Hepburn's innate grace. Altogether, it is a sparkling entertainment that sends one out of the theatre with the feeling that he can dance like Astaire—and is married to Audrey Hepburn. It's a glorious sensation, however fleeting.

* * *

If "Designing Woman" suffers by comparison, it is because its ingredients are so much more standard and familiar. Actually, this one is less a musical comedy than a comedy with music. Gregory Peck plays a sports columnist who marries fashion designer Lauren Bacall, then spends the remainder of the picture adjusting to her artistic and theatrical friends. Singer Dolores Gray and dancer Jack Cole carry most of the film's musical moments—including a cleverly choreographed alley-fight at the climax. Vincente Minnelli has staged George Wells's amusing script with a deft hand, setting a fine edge of sophistication to what might easily have degenerated into a dull slapstick farce. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Did Yr Fath'r Come From Lithuania?

AS SCARCELY anyone who hasn't been living in a cave must know by now, Mr. Robert Briscoe, the Jewish Mayor of Dublin, is abroad in the land on the two-fold mission of speaking in behalf of the United Jewish Appeal and promoting tourism to Ireland. It was for one of his efforts in behalf of the latter endeavor that we were invited recently to hear the Lord Mayor address a society of travel people known as the Bon Vivants. Well, sir, the night of the Briscoe bust-up the Vivants never had it so *bon*. They were already assembled upon the arrival of this chronicler at a New York City inn known, inopportunely for the visit of an Irishman, as the Prince George, and an experienced party man in these matters had already passed out Kelly-green hats shaped like derbies. In honor of the Lord Mayor's religious affiliation, some of the Bon Vivants who were living it up more than others had taken it upon themselves to remove the brim from the derby, reshaping it in the form of a *yarmulka*, the black skullcap worn by Orthodox Jews on certain religious occasions.

We were handed a fattish handout of mimeographed material known as an "Information Book," and from perusing this we learned:

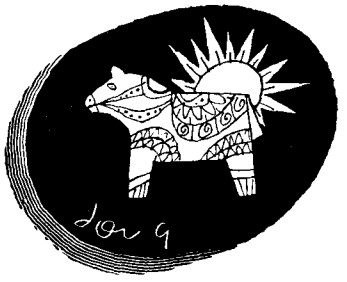
a. That the Lord Mayor is introduced as The Right Honourable, The Lord Mayor of Dublin.

b. That if present the Lady Mayoress is addressed as the Lady Mayoress.

c. That the Lord Mayor brought two chains of office to America, one a heavy gold chain for important formal gatherings and high services, and the second a small chain which is worn daily.

d. That the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress are both of the Orthodox Jewish faith and do not eat pork or shellfish.

e. That the Lord Mayor was born in Dublin in 1895, his father having come from Lithuania in 1862.



f. That he was educated in Ireland, worked in New Jersey, and joined the I.R.A. after the Irish Rebellion, and has been a member of the Irish Parliament since 1927.

g. That he is the first man of Jewish faith to be chosen for the post of Lord Mayor, a fact of which he has stated, "Much ado has been made about the Jewish Mayor of Dublin but actually there is no need for such excitement. The fact remains that the Mayor of Dublin is Irish, and as far as we in Ireland are concerned that is the important thing. I definitely consider myself the Irish mayor of an Irish city; the fact that I am Jewish is an interesting sidelight and a wonderful comment on the Irish people."

We had scarcely gotten all that digested when there was a rustle at the door and the music swung into "The Campbells Are Coming." This was quickly changed to "The Irish Washerwoman," and it was to its strains that the Lord Mayor strode in. He proved to be a man of rather pleasant, even features, eyes darkly circled, wearing a black suit, a pearl gray tie, the small chain of office, a sombre mien, and a slight nick under the left temple from a hasty shave. He got a standing ovation, and Mr. John Hughes of the New York *Daily News* turned to us and said, "That's my *landsman*."

THE Lord Mayor tore into his fruit cup, which came complete with green cherry, and, pushing the empty plate aside, began to scribble notes. A line formed at the head table collecting autographs with which the Lord Mayor obliged. There followed green pea soup and corned beef and cabbage, and the wags at the tables were busy making up Briscoe cocktails. Sample: one part Irish whiskey, one part Manischewitz wine, with a matzoth ball in place of a martini olive.

It developed, as the time approached for the Lord Mayor's speech, that he had in the prior two days delivered thirty-six speeches in Boston, and his larynx was giving way. When he was introduced his voice was thin and so was his brogue. He said, "I hope I'm not straining your ears too much in view of the lack of strength in my voice." He thought, he told the Bon Vivants, who were living it down for the moment, that tourism would soon be the most important item of Ireland's economy, and he predicted that twice as many people would come from

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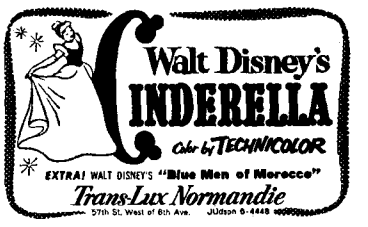

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America. "We could have bigger and better hotels but these things take *toime*," he said.

He recollected some months ago that he had spoken in Dublin before a group of American travel agents. "I understand I have received a great amount of publicity in America," he had told them. "Don't tell the American people what you think about me. Let the illusion stand."

Then calling on some of his co-religionists to explain the meanings, he launched into a number of experiences that befell him as a Jew in an Irish community. Then he talked briefly of Ireland's beauties, and said, "I'd like to see not only Irish-Americans coming to Ireland, and not only my co-religionists, but Americans of all creeds." He said he had brought with him a message from the Methodists of Ireland to the 11 million Methodists of America. "I want the world to know," said the Lord Mayor with the last scratchings of his voice, "that we're not a lot of stage Irish people, but that we're a civilized and cultured people. After all, I stand before you a Jew in a predominantly Catholic city in a predominantly Catholic country."

Then Briscoe sat down, the Bon Vivants got up, and there was much applause. When I last saw him he was pushing a swizzle stick into the end of a cigar. After a few more autographs he left the hall to the strains of "Bei Mir Bist du Schön."

* * *

THE lush Caribbean season having been somewhat spoiled in spots by the revolutionary outcroppings in Cuba, the Fascist outcroppings in the Dominican Republic, and the homicidal outcroppings in Mexico, we were interested to receive a notice out of Laredo, Texas, the other day entitled *Sanborn's Mexico Bulletin*. It deplored the fact that the perpetrator of the double murder of American tourists recently was billed in the American press as a "travel agent," and it was quick to point out that Luis Fenton, said perpetrator, operated a sightseeing agency in the lobby of an Acapulco hotel, was not recognized by the International Air Transport Association, the Asociacion Mexicana de Agencias de Viajes, did not "even hold ticket stock" of the airline that serves Acapulco, nor any agency appointment of Atlantic or Pacific steamship conferences, and therefore could hardly be considered a "travel agent." He was, says Sanborn's, a "sightseeing agent" and "his most important job was selling rides on his now infamous sightseeing boat, the *Captain Fenton*.

TOURIST TRAP II: Our recent institution of a beefer's corner has brought us a dispatch from Albert M. Ivanoff of the German Department of the University of Miami, who deposes and says it is only because he loves Austria so much that he feels such outrage at the prices charged for the Salzburg Music Festival. Says the professor, "Austria is a country where one can obtain room and meals at good hotels and inns for $2 per day or less. I came to know people who earn between $50 and $60 per month and maintain a decent standard of living. The best seats at the Staatsoper in Vienna cost less than $3. Yet in Salzburg, last summer, a family of four like mine was expected to pay $48 for an evening concert or opera exclusive of taxis and tips. . . . These high prices are placing Mozart beyond the reach of most of his own countrymen, beyond the pocketbook of the average tourist, and are giving him to the mink-and-sable set. Would Mozart approve of these high prices?"

What sayest thou, Austrian State Tourist Dept? *Et tu,* Herr Kolodin? Speak up, Mozart?

—HORACE SUTTON.

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VENUS ANYONE?: Peering into the future the other day the Miami advertising firm of Roland-Bodee and Flint placed this advertisement in the *Miami Herald*. Within twenty-four hours Farr Tours had received 150 requests for space. Some moongazers even telegraphed. Says Charles McMorris Purdy of the agency's copy department, "I based travel time to the moon on newspaper articles about the possible speed of ion rockets and the even faster speed of the far-in-the-future photon rockets. . . . It proves the public is certainly air travel conscious, and is now so educated to acceptance of eventual space travel that an ad of this nature is eagerly received, even if it is dated for 1987."

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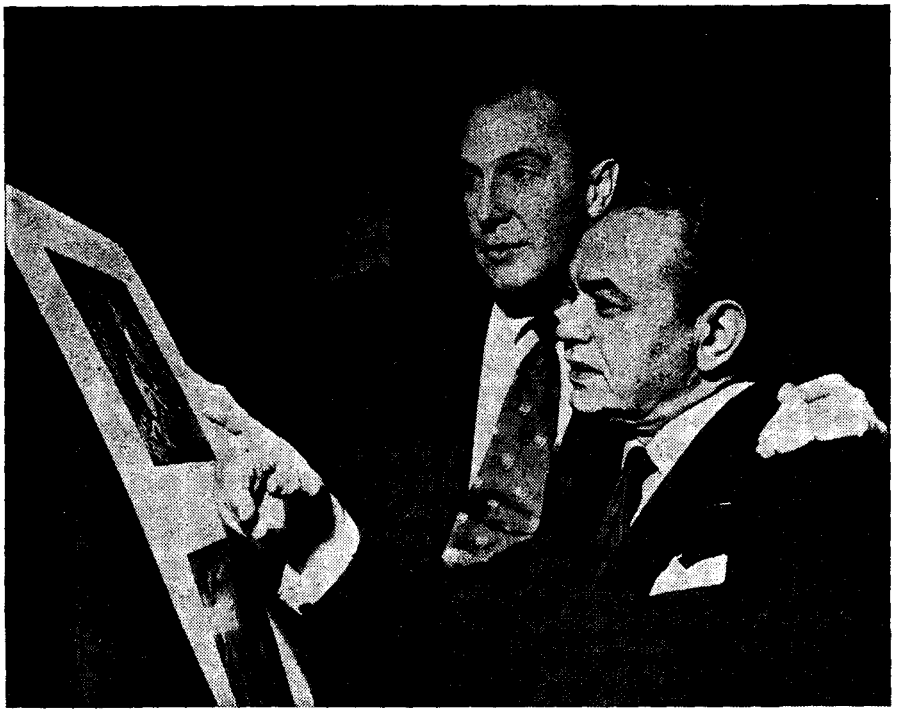
THE FINE ARTS

Art on TV



". . . duel between Vincent Price and Edward G. Robinson."

ONE OF many indications of art's enormous and growing popularity in this country is the frequency with which it is mentioned on TV or furnishes the central theme of TV programs. One hears on good authority that unusually large audiences watched a California jockey win $64,000 for his ability to identify paintings and sculptures; more recently the duel between Vincent Price and Edward G. Robinson was a phenomenal success on "The $64,000 Challenge." It's getting so a fantastic number of TV performers mention art in one connection or another, and unlikely people turn out to be aspiring painters or dedicated connoisseurs. A short time ago on Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person," for example, Xavier Cugat confessed that he wanted "most of all to paint"; he added that his interest in the medium was first aroused by the caricatures of Enrico Caruso. The next thing we know Jack Benny will abandon his violin for an easel and Groucho Marx will give up cigars for fear of spilling ashes on the watercolors he works at surreptitiously behind his podium.

The most drastic proof of art's ascendant popularity is that it so often supplies the dramatic plot for ambitious TV programs. I don't know how many times during the past two years I've watched mystery stories in which the theft or forgery of a painting has been the subject of complicated exercises in skulduggery and sleuthing. It may be that TV has caught the art bug from Hollywood, where films on Toulouse-Latrec and Vincent van Gogh have been resounding successes at the box office lately. In any case, it's interesting to note that within a week this winter Miss Claudette Colbert and Mr. Robert Montgomery, two of Hollywood's most esteemed veterans, based their programs on art or artists: Miss Colbert on her hour-and-a-half show, "One Coat of White" (CBS, February 21); Mr. Montgomery in his adaptation of the Broadway hit, "Reclining Figure" (NBC, February 25). Both programs had large and competent casts, and there was no skimping on stage properties. One assumes the programs cost a good deal to produce. Obviously the networks must have known in advance that they would pay off as entertainment for vast numbers of people.

THE hero of Miss Colbert's program, based on a story by H. Allen Smith, was a painter called, as I remember it, Lautisse—a provocative amalgam of the names of Lautrec and Matisse. Played by Paul Henried, Lautisse is soon identified as the greatest living French artist. But when Miss Colbert meets him by deserting her party of American tourists and trespassing on his Riviera estate, Lautisse has not been painting for about a dozen years, thus suggesting a comparison with Marcel Duchamp, who put away his paints at the height of his career. Miss Colbert is just the woman to start the creative wheels in motion again, and Lautisse becomes so enamoured of her that he follows her home to Seattle, where her married children, not knowing who he is, are horrified by what they consider to be their widowed mother's middle-aged escapade. Miss Colbert herself is torn for a time between family devotion and love for the French artist. But long ago in "It Happened One Night" this fine actress proved her ability to equate primness with more primitive states of mind and in the end, of course, love prevails, and the play ends with Miss Colbert and Mr. Henreid lolling on the grounds of Lautisse's Riviera house.

Meanwhile, however, the children in Seattle have undergone a financial crisis, and Miss Colbert's house is put on the market. The children propose to help its saleability by giving its fence a coat of white paint. But Lautisse gets there first and begins to cover the fence's surface with abstract forms which he quite rightly describes as "rather like Miro." His skill gives the game away naturally, his identity becomes known to the children and the public, and within hours curators of some of the leading American art museums have arrived on the scene and are bidding against each other for sections of the fence at fabulous prices per running foot. Personally I doubt that the curators of the Metropolitan or the Cleveland Museums would have been in quite such a scramble even if Lautrec or Matisse or Marcel Duchamp actually had painted the fence. But in viewing TV comedies one mustn't quibble about exaggerations of this harmless kind, and "One Coat of White" was an amiable show.

Mr. Montgomery's broadcast followed quite faithfully the script of the Broadway play, "Reclining Figure." It concerns a rich American collector whose irascible temper and jealous guardianship of his treasures put one in mind of the late Dr. Albert C. Barnes, whose superlative collection at Merion, Pennsylvania, was—and remains—a virtual fortress against all but favored students, disciples, and a few chosen members of the public. The TV connoisseur, named Lucas Edgerton and played by Jim Backus, is offered a Renoir figure piece by a young dealer who has just set up shop for himself, who needs

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Claudette Colbert and Paul Henried—"start the creative wheels in motion."

desperately to effect the sale, and who is just as desperately needed for marital purposes by Edgerton's frustrated but comely daughter.

Edgerton is convinced from the outset that the picture in question is one of Renoir's masterpieces, but he calls in two experts, one American and one foreign, to confirm his opinion. As one barred from Dr. Barnes's premises time after time because, presumably, I was associated with another museum, I took a certain melancholy delight in this travesty of his personality and attainments as a collector. And travesty it was. For Dr. Barnes knew a great deal about Renoir, about whom he wrote a ponderous yet useful monograph, and he was not known to have credited, let alone called in for consultation, any expert except himself. Anyway, Edgerton's two experts agree with him, and their testimony is the most amusing part of the original play and the television show. The American is thoughtful and cautious; the foreign expert is concerned mainly with his personal reminiscences of Renoir and the picture's model, and keeps repeating about Renoir the funniest line in the play: *"Il est mort, le pauvre."* I don't know quite why this line should have made me guffaw when I saw both the Broadway play and Mr. Montgomery's program. Except, of course, that Renoir died in 1919, so that these frequent references to his demise as though it were an explosive secret seemed irrelevant and pleasantly ludicrous.

The plot resolves itself when an American painter, far lost in drink and hired as a restorer by Edgerton, declares that he himself painted the so-called Renoir some time ago in Paris, on canvas of Renoir's period. His accomplice was a dealer named Astorg, whose ebullient spirits and total lack of integrity are made the most of in the show. And here we come to realize that the message of "Reclining Figure" is the exact opposite of that in Miss Colbert's "One Coat of White." Whereas the latter is almost hysterically respectful toward art and its value, financial and otherwise, "Reclining Figure" implies a) that even eminent collectors don't know what they are doing, b) that professionals in *expertise* are easily gulled, and c) that dealers are a rather shady lot. I concede at once that all three implications may be proved on rare occasions. But not often, certainly not often enough to damage the reliability of knowledgeable collectors or honest experts and dealers, of whom there are many.

Well, the TV audience is so huge that no one can gauge the public reaction to these two programs, with their opposing philosophies. It should and probably will be negligible except in terms of easy laughter, which never did anyone harm, and is not at all likely to alter art's unquenchable pride.

—James Thrall Soby.

Domestic Dawn

By Muriel Spark

ANYONE in this top-floor flat
This morning might look out upon
An oblong canvas of Kensington
Almost ready for looking at.

Houses lean sideways to the light;
Foreground left, a crowd of trees
Are blue beneath a wash of white.
The sky predominates, top-right
The colour of threadbare dungarees.

All the discrepant churches strike
Four, and in the window-frame is
Fixed the urban scene whose name is
Morning by Manet or someone like.

In a Drugstore

By Ralph Robin

HOW many months did he weigh?
The children asked him,
Shrieking, they were so funny.
He always told truth to children.
"Four hundred and ninety-one
months,"
He replied, looking at his watch,
"If I have the correct weight."
They did not laugh.
"That's silly," the children said,
And one, speaking alone:
"Not your watch, silly,
Put a penny in the calendar."

Invasion

By Adrien Stoutenburg

THE city stopped,
confounded by bees
stewing like a kettle
in a trusted tree;
slanting and shining
in yellow suspense
above the sidewalk's
common sense.
Patrolmen, alert,
fled to their cars
to brood on honey
escaped from jars,
while hucksters and dons
departed from
the simple tree's
delirium.
Something too primitive
and plural
had balked at being
strictly rural.

Nothing is safe
if kettles of bees
can thunder and shine
in city trees.

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Spring Poll

Continued from page 21

British hero of the American Revolution, and his lady fair, Mary Robinson, actress friend of Garrick and Sheridan. (Flowers)

THE HELL BENT KID. *By Charles O. Locke. Norton.* $3.
A Western novel with an appealing young hero who is trapped by the surrounding violence. (Hutchens)

THE INNOCENT. *By Madison Jones. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.75.
A powerful first novel about a young man who returns to the Tennessee homestead for solace and finds rough going. (Douglas)

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER. *By Roger Peyrefitte. Translated by Edward Hyams. Criterion.* $4.50.
A satire on the Vatican and its ways as seen through the eyes of a young French abbé. (Barkham)

MANDINGO. *By Kyle Onstott. Denlinger.* $4.95.
Six hundred and fifty-nine pages of sex, sadism, and slavery in the ante-bellum South. (Herzberg)

THE MASTER. *By T. H. White. Putnams.* $3.50.
Bordering on science fiction, this is an adventure tale of two children held captive by mad scientists. (Molyneux)

THE MIDWIFE OF PONT CLERY. *By Flora Sandstrom. John Day.* $3.50.
What happens when the village wives resort to drastic measures to get the pretty young midwife out of town. (Snajdr)

MURPHY. *By Samuel Beckett. Grove.* $3.50.
The life and death of Mr. Murphy is hilarious, sad, and often puzzling. (Yeiser)

NEVER SO FEW. *By Tom T. Chamales. Scribners.* $4.50.
A rugged first novel about Burma guerillas during World War II. (Snajdr)

RIDERS OF JUDGMENT. *By Frederick Manfred. Random House.* $3.95.
A broad-scale novel of the Wyoming cattle country and three brothers who are all in love with Cousin Rosemarie. (J. K. Sherman)

THE SCAPEGOAT. *By Daphne Du Maurier. Doubleday.* $3.95.
A romantic adventure complete with a French count, an impersonation, and a mysterious chateau by the author of that neo-Gothic wonder, "Rebecca." (T. B. Sherman)

THE SPIRAL ROAD. *By Jan De Hartog. Harper.* $4.95.
Dr. Anton is the hard-working hero of this hefty novel which travels from the murky Amsterdam underworld to the dark jungles of the Dutch East Indies. (Bond)

SPRING LIST. *By Ralph Arnold. Macmillan.* $2.95.
The frothier side of London book publishing and the not-so-polite rivalry for some wartime memoirs. (Cady)

A TICKET FOR THE SEAMSTITCH. *By Mark Harris. Knopf.* $3.
A brief baseball novel about Henry ("The Southpaw") Wiggen, a "green punk" catcher, and a lady fan. (Perkin)

THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND. *By Rose Macaulay. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75.
An unusual novel of a strange pilgrimage to the exotic borders of the Black Sea. (T. B. Sherman)

General

TEN VOTES

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER. *By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin.* $6.
Mr. Schlesinger feels that the age of F. D. Roosevelt begins as far back as T.R.'s day and traces its formation up to 1933 in the first volume of an engrossing political and social history. (Cross, Hogan, Hutchens, Kogan, Little, Nordell, O'Neill, Perkin, T. B. Sherman, Snajdr)

NINE VOTES

THE LION AND THE THRONE. *by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown.* $6.
A vivid biography of Queen Elizabeth I's attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, whose concern with the rights of the individual contributed to our own legal heritage. (Bond, Cady, Flowers, Hass, Little, Nordell, O'Neill, Snajdr, Wyllie)

EIGHT VOTES

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU. *By James Michener. Random House.* $3.50.
The Hungarian Revolution recounted through interviews with refugees who fled to Austria and freedom. (Bond, Cross, Douglas, Hutchens, Little, Nichols, Nordell, T. B. Sherman)

SIX VOTES

DAY OF INFAMY. *By Walter Lord. Holt.* $3.95.
The author of "A Night to Remember" uses the same detailed technique in this striking account of the events at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. (Babcock, Bond, Hass, Hutchens, Molyneux, J. K. Sherman)

POETS IN A LANDSCAPE. *By Gilbert Highet. Knopf.* $6.50.
A delightful excursion to Italy where the shades of the Roman poets are skilfully brought to life. (Douglas, Molyneux, Nordell, Perkin, Smith, Yeiser)

FOUR VOTES

DAYS OF THE PHOENIX. *By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.* $3.95.
Personal reminiscences about writers and artists of the Twenties illuminate the history of a rich literary decade. (Cross, O'Neill, J. K. Sherman, Smith)

A WATCHER ON THE RHINE. *By Brian Connell. Morrow.* $4.
A keen journalist's observations on the social, economic and political life of Germany as it rises from the ashes. (Dolbier, Douglas, Flowers, Nichols)

THREE VOTES

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. *By Arthur Bryant. Doubleday.* $6.96.
A narrative history based on the top-level diaries of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of Staff of the British Forces, reveals the heroic men and events of the war years, 1939-1943. (Babcock, Barkham, Nordell)

TWO VOTES

THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE. *By Roger Burlingame. Knopf.* $6.75.
Mr. Burlingame's provocative thesis is that an essentially puritanical voice has had and still has its say in almost every matter of public concern in this country. (Herzberg, O'Neill)

AS FRANCE GOES. *By David Schoenbrun. Harper.* $5.
A report by a CBS commentator on the social life and unpredictable politics of contemporary France. (Barkham, Tinkle)

BACKGROUND WITH CHORUS. *By Frank Swinnerton. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75.
Memories of the denizens of Fleet Street between 1901 and 1917 that give depth to a verdant era of British letters. (Hass, Yeiser)

THE BIRD BIOGRAPHIES OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. *Edited and selected by Alice Ford. Macmillan.* $8.50.
Eighty biographies of feathered friends selected from the massive "Ornithological Biography" and accompanied with a dozen notable Audubon illustrations. (Bradley, Hogan)

CRAFT AND CHARACTER IN MODERN FICTION. *By Morton Dauwen Zabel. Viking.* $4.50.
An impressive collection of critical essays discussing such craftsmen as Dickens, James, and Conrad. (Hass, Troy)

ONE VOTE

THE ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER FOLK ART COLLECTION. *By Nina Fletcher Little. Little, Brown.* $17.50.
A handsome, well illustrated catalogue of the American folk art collected in a new museum at Williamsburg, Virginia. (Wyllie)

AMERICA'S NEXT TWENTY YEARS. *By Peter Drucker. Harper.* $2.75.
A disconcerting but not defeatist glimpse at the future filled with information about automation, raw materials, and babies. (J. K. Sherman)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN. *By Eric John Dingwall. Rinehart.* $4.50.
An English anthropologist turns his eyes to a strange species, the female in America and comes up with some interesting ideas about her role of power and prestige in contemporary society. (Little)

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS. *By Cardinal Newman. Sheed & Ward.* $4.50.
Philosophical and autobiographical material discovered after Newman's death, some of which has never before been printed. (Emmart)

BYZANTIUM. *By René Guerdan. Translated by D. L. B. Hartley.* Putnam. $5.
A colorful history of the fabulous empire known as the Rome of the East. (Emmart)

THE CAT IN THE HAT. *By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $2.
A bright and appealing story that small, but discriminating, readers can handle by themselves. (Dolbier)

THE CENTRAL BLUE. *By Sir John Slessor. Praeger.* $7.50.
The autobiography of Marshal of the RAF, this is the story of aviation during two world wars. (Dolbier)

THE DAY CHRIST DIED. *By Jim Bishop. Harper.* $4.
An hour-by-hour account of the Gospel record from the time of the Last Supper to the entombment gives a dramatic sense of Jesus's own times. (Babcock)

DIALOGUES. *By Paul Valéry. Translated by Wm. McCausland Stewart. Pantheon.* $3.
The fourth volume of a series of writings by the French critic and poet. (Emmart)

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE. *By Margaret Nicholson. Oxford.* $5.
Based on Fowler's "Modern English Usage," this is a streamlined version for American consumption. (Perkin)

THE DOG AT CLAMBERCROWN. *By Jocelyn Brooke. Vanguard.* $4.
A highly literate autobiography by an English writer with an uncommonly fine sense of place. (Yeiser)

THE EXAMINED LIFE. *By Warner Fite. Indiana University Press.* $4.50.
A volume of philosophy often akin to the wisdom of William James. (Smith)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. *By Broadus Mitchell. Macmillan.* $8.50.
The first of a two-volume scholarly biography of the Founding Father. This one emphasizes his activities during the Revolution and his association with Washington. (Smith)

JUSTICE HOLMES. *By Mark DeWolfe Howe. Harvard University Press.* $5.
The Harvard Law professor and former secretary to Justice Holmes has written a lucid biography of the "shaping years" in a great man's life. More to come in another volume. (Wyllie)

THE IDLER AND HIS WORKS. *By George Santayana. Braziller.* $4.
Twelve essays ranging from the title piece on introspection to the nature of American ideology. (Emmart)

THE INNOCENT AMBASSADORS. *By Philip Wylie. Rinehart.* $4.95.
A personally conducted round-the-world trip interlaced with arguments for the necessity for winning the war of ideas. (Flowers)

THE LAST PARALLEL. *By Martin Russ. Rinehart.* $3.95.
The journal of a Marine corporal who becomes a man in Korean combat. (Cady)

LETTER FROM A DISTANT LAND. *By Philip Booth. Viking.* $3.
The recipient of the Academy of American Poets' Lamont Poetry award, this is a young New England poet's book of lyrical verse. (Troy)

LINCOLN'S COMMANDO. *By Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren. Harper.* $5.
A scholarly but nonetheless exciting biography of young Commander William Barker Cushing, a daring and ingenious Civil War naval hero. (J. K. Sherman)

LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By David Low. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
The zestful story of the life of the noted British political cartoonist.

MEN AND MONUMENTS. *By Janet Flanner. Harper.* $5.
A lively account of art and artists in France during World War II and since by the *New Yorker*'s Paris correspondent. (O'Neill)

MY MANY-COATED MAN. *By Laurie Lee. Coward-McCann.* $2.50.
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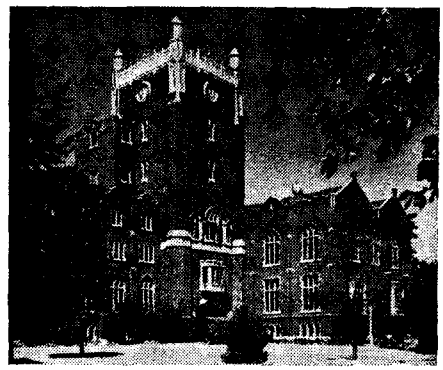
WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's ANNUAL PREVIEW OF SUMMER CONFERENCES



—*University of Oklahoma Public Relations Bureau.*

By GORHAM MUNSON, *author of "The Writer's Workshop Companion" and other texts on writing, has attended about thirty writers' conferences in one capacity or another: as publisher's scout, visiting lecturer, staff member, or director. He is currently director of the New York City Writers Conference at Wagner College, Staten Island.*

ATTENDANCE at writers' conferences last year was the highest ever. Expectations are that 1957 attendance will go even higher. The boom in educational attendance, including schools of adult education, is evidently sweeping writers' conferences along with it. As the directory appended to this article shows, the writers' conference "circuit" is considerably more extensive this year.

The rise of this "circuit" was noticed during the winter by the distinguished literary historian Van Wyck Brooks. In a widely read essay on the avant-garde, Mr. Brooks put into circulation a strange, even preposterous, misconception of the writers' conference. This misconception may possibly prove bothersome to the promoters of this specialized form of adult education. That is why, I think, Frances Grinstead, director of the University of Kansas Writers' Conference, feels it necessary to say: "We do not adhere to any avant-garde school of literature; neither do we make concessions to any unduly popular approach." And Brewster Ghiselin, director of the Writers' Conference of the University of Utah, writes: "Without being highbrow or arty, we try to maintain standards of excellence appropriate for a university, and I think we have succeeded in doing this."

What Mr. Brooks charged—and it was a most surprising charge—was that the summer writers' conferences were largely in the hands of a literary avant-garde. There is a chain of critical reviews and summer writers' conferences, he alleged, that "affords a life-line for the sensitive young, a sort of national 'hook-up' that brings them into relation with a powerful circle . . . One might call it a secret society in which these lonely souls hold hands, as it were, from coast to coast, feeling that they are members of a true élite who are both 'of one's time' and 'in the know.' In their *petite chapelle*, surrounded by their palisade, they can write 'pure' poetry, criticism, fiction, ignoring the world in which they live and which no longer menaces them because they are insiders now in a larger world."

Sheer fantasy this, but it gives a good pretext for retelling the history of the writers' conference and for describing its working. So far from being the ivory towers Mr. Brooks imagines them to be, writers' conferences have had rather to struggle against the commercial spirit. The temptation to lower professional standards and become a sort of writing-school racket has always been present. Isolated and insulated and cut off from the main intellectual body—so Mr. Brooks characterizes the avant-garde, and with it the "avant-garde machinery" of magazines and summer conferences. But the story of the writers' conferences will show that they have not been isolated and insulated phenomena.

THAT story begins in the winter of 1925-1926, and the first I heard of it was on a visit to Robert Frost at Amherst. He was being consulted, the poet said, about a new kind of peripatetic literary academy to be started by Middlebury College at Bread Loaf, Vt., and I gathered that the informality of the plan appealed to him. The first director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference was Vermont-born John Farrar, but from the first session in August of 1926 Frost was a great, though sometimes dissident, influence upon the undertaking. In Paul Dwight Moody, the president of Middlebury College, the Bread Loaf Conference had a benign and understanding godfather—which it needed, for campus mores and literary mores in those days were quite far apart.

What was the idea that took on shape and life at Bread Loaf in the summers of 1926, 1927, and 1928, by which time it had become stable? It has been well stated by John Ciardi, the fourth and present director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. "All of us at Bread Loaf," he said last year, "are proudly aware that we are the parent writers' conference, that Bread Loaf originated the idea of a writers' conference and established the general principles that all other conferences have more or less followed. The Bread Loaf idea is basically a simple one: to bring together the best available staff of writers and editors and to work it mercilessly for two intensive weeks of daily and evening lectures, work shops, manuscript reading, and private conferences with contributors."

Mr. Ciardi went further. "There exists today a body of critical principle and of teaching method specifically Bread Loafian in origin whose influence can be traced through practically every college and review medium in the United States." This is too great a claim, but the Bread Loaf idea did find a great many idea-carriers who came down from the mountain near Middlebury and went across the continent and started or helped to start other Bread Loafs until there was indeed a chain of them—not a chain in the hands of Mr. Brooks's mythical avant-garde but in

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Pub. at $30.00. *For pair only* **5.95**

P-205. MODIGLIANI: PEASANT GIRL.
A serene and perceptive portrait of a young girl, done in the smooth and decorative oval style characteristic of the best work of this exciting artist. The silk-screen process has reproduced the qualities of blue, blue-black, sienna, ash-white, rose and subtle flesh tones with exactitude. 21½" high, 14" wide.
Pub. at $15.00. *Only* **2.98**

P-211. Japanese Temple Painting: PILGRIMAGE OF A NOBLEMAN.
Fresh, sun-swept tones of pink, terra-cotta, gray, brown, red and blue bathe a bustling scene of the cortege of a noble, his archers, musicians and assorted attendants in a gay and effective chiaroscuro. The trees and mountains in the background are early Japanese (6th century) in manner. The spirited horses are pure Chinese in style. This highly decorative work of art was reproduced in silk screen and measures 13½" high x 40¼" wide. Its panel shape will suit any wall. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **4.95**

3434. DANTE THE PHILOSOPHER.
By Etienne Gilson. The noted philosopher and medievalist interprets Dante anew. In a profound yet lucid book, he brings to life for us the inspired poet of the Inferno and Divine Comedy, and the tumultuous times which shaped his genius.
Pub. at $4.00. *Only* **1.98**

1451. PREHISTORIC ANIMALS.
By Dr. Joseph Augusta and Zdenek Burian. The great and fearsome beasts of prey that roamed the earth in the far distant past, captured in every awesome pose in 55 full-color paintings by Zdenek Burian. In the extensive text by Professor Augusta, the world of these huge beasts comes alive for us. This beautiful and absorbing imported book served as the basis for a film that won the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival. 10⅛" x 13⅜".
Pub. at $12.50. *Only* **7.95**

3254. VERDI: The Man and His Music.
Carlo Gatti, one of Italy's leading music critics, has poured a life-time of research into this full portrait of Verdi's activities as a composer, his intimate life, and the stirring era in which he lived. Acclaimed throughout the music world as *the* biography of Verdi, it tells of the personal tragedies and universal success of the creator of *Aida, Trovatore,* and *La Traviata. Pub. at $5.75.* *Only* **1.00**

3100. *COMMERCIAL ART*—A GUIDE TO DRAWING, ILLUSTRATION, CARTOONING & PAINTING.
Norman Rockwell, Milton Caniff, Boris Artzybasheff, William Steig, Grant Wood and 133 other outstanding artists give you step-by-step lessons and examples of drawing technique. Hundreds of illustrations. Compiled by Gene Byrnes. 12 color-plates 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $7.50. *Only* **3.88**

1962. THE FACE OF LONDON.
By Harold C. Clun. A *magnum opus* of the main streets and byways of London lore; the most comprehensive one-volume guide to the city for the armchair or actual traveler. "Everyone interested in London should hurry up and buy it." J. B. Priestley. 643 pages. 16" x 10", 335,000 words of text, *209 illustrations. Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

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the hands of writer-teachers, men and women who could both write and teach.

The first Bread Loaf idea-carrier was Edward Davison, poet and conductor in the 'Twenties of the "Wit's Weekly," a department in *The Saturday Review of Literature* that ought to be revived. An observant visitor to Bread Loaf, Davison carried the vision to the University of Colorado, which in 1930 started The Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains. Davison subsequently became director of this conference and secured for its staff men of letters and poets like Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford, Carl Sandburg, Carl Van Doren, Thomas Wolfe, and Robert Penn Warren.

The next conference was, I believe, at Olivet College, Mich., and I do not remember that a Bread Loafian had anything to do with its inception. It was the first conference at which Allen Tate taught; since then Mr. Tate has been on the staffs of several writers' conferences.

In 1938 the University of New Hampshire started its writers' conference. On its staff in the early years were Margaret Widdemer, Herschel Brickell, and William E. Harris, all carriers of the Bread Loaf idea.

In 1940 Indiana University launched its conference, and from then on there has been a proliferation. I have traveled over most of the circuit, and at each conference it was almost a certainty that I would meet either a former member of the Bread Loaf staff—like Robert Hillyer at Indiana—or former conferees at Bread Loaf who were now sampling another conference.

Fellowships at writers' conferences will be more numerous in 1957 than ever before although there has been a slow growth in their number. Just as industry has been making grants to private colleges for fellowships and scholarships, the publishing industry has been seeing opportunities for the encouragement of writers in the conferences. Holt, Houghton Mifflin, and Norton have donated fellowships at Bread Loaf. Now comes that fast-growing book club for children between the ages of seven and thirteen, the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club, with an offer to donate lectureships in juvenile writing, fellowships, and prizes. Four conferences were approached and three accepted. Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and the New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island (Wagner College) will use grants in all three categories: lectureship, fellowship, and prizes for juvenile writing. Indiana University Writers' Conference will establish a fellowship in juvenile writing and awards donated by the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club, but its lectureship in juvenile writing was prearranged. All lecturers, fellows, and winners of grants-in-aid or prizes will be selected by the conferences concerned, and the conferences will also establish specific qualifications for the fellowships and awards. "The Weekly Reader Children's Book Club grants to writers' conferences," said C. W. Pettegrew, director of the club, "have been established to encourage greater scope and quality in juvenile literature. Any immediate results from this program will benefit young readers, authors of juveniles, and trade publishers—which is as it should be."

THE Bread Loaf type of conference may be called for convenience the fortnight conference, although sometimes the "fortnight" is as short as five days, and other times it is three weeks long. An extreme variant of the Bread Loaf idea is the weekend writers' conference. Again this is a convenient label, for the "weekend" may be only one day or it may extend to four days. But the weekend conference departs so far from the original model that it has seemed best to divide our directory of conferences into two categories: the one- to three-week conferences and the one- to four-day conferences.

The father of the weekend (one-to-four-day) conference is The Short Course in Professional Writing put on each summer since 1938 at the University of Oklahoma, and a brief for the short conference was duly entered by the director of the Oklahoma conference, W. S. Campbell, in *The Saturday Review* conference preview of 1954. Part of that brief was the strong economic argument that "a short program permits a small fee, and that allows talented but impecunious students and beginners to attend. On a modest budget the short session enables us to get good speakers without raising the fee."

Certain trends may be noted in the weekend conferences. They tend to occur in the spring rather than in the summer. They tend to drop manuscript reading and individual conferences from the program. Their sponsorship is often unacademic. Prize contests are featured. Social activities are prominent.

Students at the University of Colorado's Writers' Conference get tips from Non-Fiction Leader Hal Borland.

There are nearly fifty conferences of both kinds listed in our directory this year. Perhaps there should be more, and failure to answer requests for information was simply an oversight. Drop-outs from the circuit that are to be regretted are Clark University of Worcester, Mass., and Windham College at Putney, Vt.

Newest states to have writers' conferences are Mississippi (University of Mississippi) and New Jersey (Fairleigh Dickinson). Twenty-seven states and Canada now have writers' conferences.

Innovations: Wagner College's NYC Writers Conference at Staten Island will have three: an evening conference program expressly devised for New York writers who cannot attend daytime meetings; a playwriting workshop integrated with an off-Broadway theatre group; and a readability and communications workshop dealing with the formulas for readability.

Incidentally, Wagner College's claim that it sponsors the only fortnight writers' conference of the Bread Loaf type in New York City comes to an end. Wagner has talked of a literary revival in the borough once frequented by Thoreau, George William Curtis, and Edwin Markham. Now comes New York University invoking the shades of Greenwich Village—Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill—and announcing the Washington Square Writers' Conference for late July and early August. This conference will be no dilution of the Bread Loaf idea but the real thing in full strength.

Another new conference that looks to be strong is the Antioch College Writers' Conference, which Dr. James McConkey, who formerly headed the conference at Morehead State College, is now organizing.

If I may fall into the optimistic language of the promoter but mean it because the round-up of reports from conference directors on my desk is convincing, "all signs point to 1957 being the banner year in the history of writers' conferences."

ONE- TO THREE-WEEK CONFERENCES

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' WORKSHOP AND CONFERENCE, under auspices of Arizona State College, will meet June 24-July 5 on the campus of Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz. Established 1951. Directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald, writers and teachers from Tucson. Staff to be announced. Informal talks by Southwestern writers, editors, and teachers. Conferences on individual problems. On last two days of conference annual All-Indian Pow-Wow and Rodeo takes place at Flagstaff. Tuition: $15. Two semester hours credit obtainable. Room and board: $33 per person for two weeks, $38 for single room and board. For bulletin, write Registrar, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

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PACIFIC COAST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet on the State College campus June 24-July 12. Founded 1953. Director: Wirt Williams. Staff: novelists Ray Bradbury, Rachel Maddux, Elizabeth Linington, Garet Rogers, Frederick Shroyer; screen and TV writers James W. Poe and Mort Thaw; juvenile specialist Louise Scott; agents Ben Benjamin and Harry Lewis; columnists Robert Campbell and Robert R. Kirsch; film executive Finlay McDiarmuid; others to be announced. Tuition: $34, includes criticism of 10,000 words. Last year's attendance: fifty. Address inquiries to Wirt Williams, Director, Pacific Coast Writers' Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

LAURENTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, a writers' house party for women students, will be held at the director's private country estate at Lake Manitou South, Province Quebec, Can., about sixty miles north of Montreal. The dates are Aug. 4-11. Founded 1953. This conference does not offer capsule courses in writing but aims to be a meeting of writers for discussion and exchange of views. Director E. Louise Cushing, author of six novels and former officer of the Canadian Authors' Association. Staff: Mildred Hobbs, Dorothy Danforth, Gladys Taylor, Eileen Goodman. Enrollment limited to twelve. All applications must be accompanied by manuscripts or samples of published writing. Tour to Mont Tremblant and shopping tour to Ste.-Agathe included in the all-inclusive fee, $75 per person. For brochure, write E. Louise Cushing, 820 Buchanan St., St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P. Quebec, Can.; after May 15, Fermanagh Lodge, Lake Manitou South, P. Quebec, Canada.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, meets at Boulder, Colo., July 22-Aug. 9 inclusive. Founded 1930. Director: Don Saunders. Staff: Warren Beck, short story; Rolfe Humphries, poetry; William E. Barrett, novel; Virginia Sorensen, juvenile fiction; Bud Kay, TV drama; Richard Wormser, nonfiction. Also a workshop on writing-marketing problems. Enrollment limited to 100. Capacity attendance last year. Ordinarily twenty-five to thirty states are represented in the enrollment. Tuition: minimum, $60; maximum, $98. Reading fees: $5 to $17.50. Room and board (in conference residence hall): $97 per

person double; $127 single. For bulletin, address Don Saunders, Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, known last year as New England Writers' Conference, will be held July 28-Aug. 3 on the campus of Suffield Academy at Suffield, Conn., midway between Hartford and Springfield. There is a sponsoring committee of ten New England college professors. Director: Paul Sanderson. Staff: Louis Untermeyer, Padraic Colum, George Abbe, Shirley Barker, Walker Gibson, Odell Shepard, Agnes Sligh Trumbull, James T. Farrell, others to be announced. Morning program will include writer-reader workshops (discussion, demonstration, creative experiment); informal lectures in the evening. Fee: $85, all-inclusive of tuition, room, and board. For brochure, write Paul Sanderson, Director, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will hold its 1957 session on the campus of Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., July 8-13. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Jessamyn West, fiction; Don Congdon, fiction; Henry La Cossit, nonfiction; Walker Gibson, poetry; Michelle Cousin, TV writing; Jean Poindexter Colby, juvenile writing. Other speakers to be announced. Receptions and open houses; spontaneous late-evening sessions. Ten tuition scholarships available through a grant from the Indiana University Foundation. Also a fellowship in juvenile writing and cash awards for juvenile writing donated by the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club. Fees: $15 for the first workshop, $12.50 for the second. Auditors accepted at half rates for such workshops as are not filled. Each workshop limited to twenty-five. Last year's enrollment: seventy-two. For brochure, write Robert Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Ind.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet at Morehead, Ky., July 22-Aug. 2. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: James Still, poetry and fiction; Hollis Summers, poetry, fiction, and criticism; Wilma Dykeman, nonfiction; Joe Creason, newspaper writing; others to be announced. Mornings given over to individual conferences, afternoons to group discussions, evenings to lectures. The first week centers on poetry and fiction, the second week on fiction and nonfiction. This conference is located in the Cumberland National Forest. Two semester hours of credit are given. Fees: $10 per week for tuition; $2.50 per week for double room shared with another; $10-12 per week for board. Address inquiries to Albert Stewart, Director, Morehead Writers' Workshop, Box 356, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE will be held July 22-27 at Missoula, Mont. Founded 1949. Director: H. V. Larom. Staff: A. B. Guthrie, Jr., novel; Robert O. Bowen, short story; Earle Birney, poetry; Eugene Burdick, nonfiction. Specialist in juvenile writing to be announced. Tuition: $25—includes the reading of one manuscript and the conference dinner. Last year's enrollment: around fifty. For complete details, brochure, write H. V. Larom, Director, Montana State University Writers' Conference, Missoula, Mont.

MADELINE ISLAND ARTS CENTER WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under the auspices of the University of Minnesota Extension Division, will hold two two-week sessions at the Old Mission Inn, Madeline Island, LaPointe, Wis. The dates are July 21-Aug. 3 and Aug. 4-17. Established 1956. Courses in fiction and nonfiction. Director: Mitchell V. Charnley. Staff to be announced. Enrollees may register either with or without university credit. Address inquiries to Mitchell V. Charnley, School of Journalism, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis 14, Minn.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of New Hampshire, will meet Aug. 12-23 at Durham, N. H. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: Charles Angoff, Shirley Barker, Ella Shannon Bowles, Margaret Coit, Edmund Cortez, Loyd Haberly, Curtis Thomas, Loring Williams, Elizabeth Yates, Frederick C. Packard, Sid Dimond, Marjorie and Lorus Milne, Nora Unwin, A. S. Burack, others to be announced. Scholarships available. *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine* prize contest. *Durham Chapbook* for selected poems. Tuition fees: contributors, entire conference, $58; contributors, one week, $36; auditors, entire conference, $50; auditors, one week, $28. Room and board for entire session may be obtained at a special rate ($40 last year). For brochure, write Carroll S. Towle, Chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N. H.

FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Fairleigh Dickinson University, will hold its first session on the Teaneck, N. J., campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University, July 7-20. Director: J. Stephen Bloore. Staff: Loyd Haberly, Charles Angoff, Margaret Coit, Curtis Thomas, Edith Heal, others to be announced. Staff will be drawn from practising writers on the faculty of the university and from among well-known writers and editors in northern New Jersey. Workshops in fiction, nonfiction, and poetry will be supplemented by lectures, editorial conferences, and manuscript criticism. Three points of college credit can be earned by those meeting stipulated requirements, but work for credit is optional. Modern dormitory and dining-hall facilities. Pleasantly suburban setting. Tuition: $60. Room and board: $90. Address inquiries to J. Stephen Bloore, Director, Writers' Workshop, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, N. J.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, N. Y., founded 1947, will hold its eleventh annual three-week session, July 1-19, at Chautauqua, N. Y. Courses are designed to assist the publishing writer as well as the beginner. Syracuse University through its Chautauqua Center grants graduate and undergraduate credit to those who qualify. Director: Robert Francis. Co-director: Margaret Widdemer. Secretary: Rebecca Richmond. Staff: Walter S. Spearman, nonfiction; Marjorie B. Paradis, juveniles; John Mahoney, radio and TV. Mr. Francis will instruct in poetry, Miss Widdemer in fiction. Following the regular three-week workshop, Mr. Francis will direct a supplementary one-week poetry discussion group. He will also give three lectures on "The Year in Poetry, July '56 to July '57" as a special feature of the Chautauqua program. Workshop luncheons and teas. Exhibition of published work. Evening Chautauqua Symphony Concerts under the direction of Walter Hendl and a series of operas and plays are available to workshop students, as well as lakeside recreations. Tuition: for participating non-credit members, $25 for each full-length course, manuscript conference included; $60 for the three courses combined. Proportionate fees for the shorter courses. Lower fees for auditors. Fees for credit students in line with those of other Syracuse University credit courses. Last year's registration, full and part-time, exceeded eighty. Address inquiries to Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the School of Journalism of Syracuse University, will hold its second annual session Aug. 12-23, on the campus of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y. Founded 1956. Director: Wesley C. Clark, dean of the School of Journalism. Staff: Don Tracy, novelist and short story writer; Roland E. Wolseley, professor of journalism, article writer, and author. Reception, teas, exhibits. Private conferences with instructors. Either but not both courses offered at the conference may be taken for university credit. Open to noncredit students at reduced fee. Rates: $28 per credit hour for undergraduates; $30 for graduates. Attendance last year: twenty-four. Expected attendance this year: thirty to thirty-five. Address inquiries to Dean Wesley C. Clark, School of Journalism, Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, N. Y.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE AT THE SUMMER SESSION OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, a special service to students registered in the summer session, runs from July 22-Aug. 8. Established 1951. Director: William A. Owens, associate professor of English. Guest speakers: William Carlos Williams, Russell Lynes, Annie Laurie Williams, Ben Park, Robert Breen, Johnny Mercer, Harold Arlen, Simon Michael Bessie, Philip Wittenberg, J. Bradley Cummings, George W. Gray, Ned Rochon, Shirley Fisher, Adrian A. Paradis, Mrs. Ellen Van Dusen, Daniel M. Burnham. The following teachers of writing will participate: Martha Foley, Caroline Gordon, William A. Owens, Dorothy McCleary, Ernest Brennecke, Vernon Loggins, Léonie Adams, Robert S. Greene. Meetings from five to six p.m., Mondays through Thursdays, in air-conditioned Harkness Theatre. All conference meetings open without fee to students registered in the summer session; not open to unregistered persons. Address inquiries to Director of the Summer Session, Columbia University, New York 27, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE AT STATEN ISLAND, under auspices of Wagner College, will hold its second annual session July 16-25 on the Grymes Hill campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N. Y. Director: Gorham Munson. Workshop leaders: Charles Angoff, nonfiction; Hallie Southgate Burnett, short fiction; Waldo Frank, novel; Muriel Fuller, juvenile writing; H. R. Hays, radio, TV, stage, and movie writing; Dr. George R. Klare, readability and communication; Stanley Kunitz, poetry. Evening lecturers: Marianne Moore, Virgil Markham, Whit Burnett, Harrison Smith. Coffee table discussions, individual manuscript conferences. Poetry Society of America Day, July 20. Corn Cob Theatre, July 25. Stanley Award for Playwriting, Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship and Prizes, Scholarship in Journalism. Within the framework of the full-time conference there is a complete part-time conference known as the Evening Writers Conference, which is especially planned for writers with jobs in Manhattan; can be attended with a minimum time away from the office. Last year's registration: ninety-two, full- and part-time, from fourteen states. Inclusive fee for entire program, board and room: $100. Tuition alone: $45. Tuition for

Evening Writers Conference: $30. For brochure, write Ethel Lambert, Secretary, NYC Writers' Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N. Y.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY SUMMER WRITING CONFERENCE, under auspices of Washington Square College, New York University, offers two workshop courses and a series of Wednesday Noon Conferences, June 17-26, at the Washington Square Center of New York University, New York City. The courses are "A Study of Modern Poetry," Oscar Williams, and "The Writing of Fiction," Leonard Bishop. The following will address the Wednesday Noon Conferences: Nannine Joseph, Robert Henderson, Virginia Voss, Kenneth Burke, John Budlong, William Carlos Williams. Fee for single six-point workshop course, $158. Address inquiries to Dean of Admissions, Washington Square College, New York Uni-

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versity, New York 3, N. Y. [In view of the starting of a summer conference conforming more to the norm by New York University (see next notice), this notice of the six-week courses will be dropped from the directory after this year.]

WASHINGTON SQUARE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the Department of English, and the Washington Square Writing Center, Division of General Education, New York University, will hold its first session July 29-Aug. 10, at the Washington Square College of New York University, New York City. There will be six lectures in each of six fields of professional writing, editorial conferences with students who submit Mss. in advance, and informal talks by well-known writers, editors, and authorities. Director: Warren Bower. Staff: Ralph Bates, novel; Charles Angoff, short story; Louise Bogan, poetry; Edward H. Schmidt, magazine article and nonfiction book; Lee Wyndham, juvenile writing; Michelle Cousin, TV script-writing. Lecturers:

Charles Ferguson, John English, Margaret Matignoni, Philip Wittenberg, Helen Hoke Watts, John Hall Wheelock, Phyllis McGinley, Ross Donaldson, Wilbur Stark, Margaret Cousins, Betty Finnin; and a special series of talks on the American theatre today. Fees: $75 covers registration for all lectures and the privilege of submitting one complete manuscript; an additional fee of $10 will be charged for the reading of manuscript; an additional fee of $10 included in the basic fee. For brochure write Dean Warren Bower, Division of General Education, New York University, Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, INC., a nonprofit institution for the arts, will run its writers' conference in four sessions this year, starting June 14 and closing August 31. Besides the Workshop Camp, there are the Huckleberry Mountain Artists Colony and the Huckleberry Mountain Community. The story of this enterprise in the arts has been told in one of the *Guidepost* series put out by Norman Vincent Peale. Established in 1939. Director: Evelyn Haynes. Staff: Hubert Hayes, creative writing, and Roy Flynn, public relations, for the June 14-30 session; Ruth McCoy Harris, creative writing, Helen Diehl Olds, juveniles, Chester Smith, photo-journalism, Phelps Olds, public relations, for the June 30-July 20 session; Louis DeJean, creative writing, Lisa Grenelle, poetry, Helen Diehl Olds, juveniles, Chester Smith, photo-journalism, for the July 20-Aug. 10 session; Harold Ehrensberger, creative writing, for Aug. 10-31 session. Prize contests in four divisions closing May 1, 1957. Tuition: each subject, $10 per week. Board and room: $35 per week and up. Several work and contest scholarships available; also the DePriest Scholarship Loan Fund makes loans from $10 to $100. Brochure on request to Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, Inc., Hendersonville, N.C.

ANTIOCH WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Antioch College, will hold its first session, Aug. 19-30, on the campus of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Each of the two weeks will be a separate session, though students may register for both sessions if they wish. First week will center on prose, mostly fiction; second week will include prose and poetry. Director: James McConkey, assistant professor of English at Cornell University. Staff: Hollis Summers, Nolan Miller, Peter Taylor, Randall Jarrell, Granville Hicks. Unusual aspects of the conference are the addition through scholarships of several young and talented writers as staff assistants, and problem discussions in which student writers will meet with staff members to discuss specific problems faced in current writing. Members of the conference will be able to attend the Shakespeare Festival of the Antioch Area Theatre. Enrollment limited to fifty each week. Fees: $50 per week. Room: $13 per person in double room; $16 per person, single room. Address inquiries to Director, Antioch Writers Conference, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OHIO VALLEY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Marietta College, will hold its third conference from Aug. 25-31 on the campus of Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio. Director: Anne Chamberlain. Staff: Richard Sullivan, Josephine Phillips, Dud Chamberlain, James Maxwell, others to be announced. Guest lecturers: Granville Hicks and Herman Ziegner. Morning classes in short story, article, poetry, juvenile writing, and the novel. Afternoon seminars. Evening lectures. Individual manuscript criticism. Full recreation program including a sail on the Ohio River. Last year's attendance: 110. Fees: $75 all-inclusive (tuition, room, and board) less $5 for registration before Aug. 1; for commuters the fee is $40 less $3 for early registration. For folder, write Dan McGrew, Ohio Valley Writers' Conference, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the university, will meet in the new student union building on the university campus, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 17-28. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: W. S. Merwin, poetry; Andrew Lytle, short story; Virginia Sorensen, novel. Picnic June 23 at mountain ranch. Last year's attendance: sixty-two. Three new scholarships for full tuition this year plus several old scholarships. Tuition: $25 for one week; $35 for entire session. Manuscript criticism fees: from $5 to $15. For bulletin, write Brewster Ghiselin, Director of Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet at Bread Loaf, Vt., Aug. 14-28. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Asst. Director: Paul Cubeta. Staff: Kay Boyle, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., William Raney, William Sloane, Mildred Walker, Léonie Adams, Eunice Blake. Special lecturers: Robert Frost, Lincoln Barnett, Catherine Drinker Bowen, David McCord, Winfred van Atta, Richard Wilbur. Last year's enrollment: 156 (highest in the conference's thirty-one years). Facilities expanded this year to accommodate 175. Five fellowships are offered: the Robert Frost Fellowship given by Henry Holt & Co., the Bernard DeVoto Fellowship given by Houghton Mifflin, the Funk & Wagnalls Fellowship in Prose, the Fletcher Pratt Memorial Fellowship given by W. W. Norton & Co., Curtis Brown, Ltd., and friends of Fletcher Pratt, and the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship in Juvenile Literature. Candidates must be nominated by editors, publishers, literary agents, or well-known writers. Inclusive fees (tuition, room, and board): contributors start at $170; auditors start at $145. Brochure available soon. Address inquiries to Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury 6, Vt.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under the joint auspices of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in America (Division of Christian Education) and the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention, will meet at Green Lake, Wis., July 27-Aug. 3. Founded 1948. Director: Benjamin P. Browne. Staff: Catherine Marshall, Elizabeth Yates, Anna Perrott Rose Wright, George F. Hall, Robert A. Johnston, Clarence W. Hall, James M. Flanagan, Paul Meacham, Virgil E. Foster, Kenneth L. Wilson, Peter Gordon White, William S. Mittelstadt, Roland E. Wolseley, R. Dean Goodwin, Dorothy C. Wilson, Ethelyn M. Parkinson, Lottie M. Franklin, Ward S. Miller, Lawrence E. Nelson. Workshops in fiction, article writing, curriculum, church publicity, missionary writing, photography, poetry, drama; also a book writing seminar and a creative writing teachers' seminar. The Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference is followed by the Extension School of Christian Writing, Aug. 3-17. Academic credit for work done at the Extension School will be given by the University of Redlands, Calif. Fees: $10 for registration for week of July 23-Aug. 3, if registration is made before May 1; $15 after May 1. Second and third weeks, $8 each. Accommodations vary from $6 double and $5.50 with three to four in a room to four in a room. Address inquiries to Helen K. Wallace, Registrar, Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

ONE-TO FOUR-DAY CONFERENCES

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, operated by the Arkansas Writers' Conference, Inc., under the sponsorship of the Arkansas Pioneer Branch of National League of American Pen Women, August Engel, Lily Peter, Mrs. J. F. Weinman, and Clara B. Kennan, will meet June 1-3 at Hardison Hall on Petit Jean Mountain, Petit Jean State Park, Marrilton, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarborough. Staff to be announced. Lectures on poetry, short story, feature writing, and juvenile writing. Prize contests in nine categories. Registration fee for full participation: $5; for partial participation: $1 per day. Address inquiries to Arkansas Writers Conference, Inc., 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

OZARK WRITER-ARTISTS Pow-wow will meet at Inspiration Point, six miles west of Eureka Springs, Ark., May 24-26. Director of writers' group: Cora Pinkley-Call. Staff to be announced. Subjects: confessions, juvenile writing, novel and short story, regional writing, science fiction. Four states (Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas) represented in the program. Registration fee: $1. Last year's attendance: about 100. Address inquiries to Cora Pinkley-Call, Eureka Springs, Ark.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored last year by the California Writers' Club in cooperation with the Oakland Chamber of Commerce and the *Oakland Tribune*. No information received on 1957 conference. Address inquiries to California Writers' Conference, c/o Oakland Chamber of Commerce, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

CHICAGO WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at the Hotel Congress, Chicago, Ill., Apr. 25-27. Founded 1955. Director: Irv. Leiberman. Staff and speakers: Dorothy F. Arbuckle, Richard Dunlop, Eugenia Price, Adele M. Ries, Rosamond duJardin, William F. McDermott, Lachlan MacDonald, Annette Victorin, Florence Marvyne Bauer, T. Otto Nall, Gail Brook Burket, Lillian Budd, Betty J. Russell, Dr. Clyde S. Kilby, Francis G. Edwards, George Fox, Janice M. Gosnell, Adelaide Gerstley. Subjects: fiction, nonfiction, poetry, juvenile writing, TV. Expected enrollment: 150. Fees: $15 for Apr. 25, $10 for Apr. 26, $10 for Apr. 27; $3-5 for contest entry. Address inquiries to Irv. Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by the Drury College Adult Education Program in cooperation with the Department of English, meets Apr. 12-13 at Drury College, Springfield, Mo. General chairman: Adelaide H. Jones. Staff: Edwin C. Peterson of the University of Pittsburgh, Shirley Fisher of McIntosh & Otis (literary agents), Townsend Godsey, Albert Roland of *Household*, Dan Saults, Frances Woolery, Cena C. Draper, Argye Briggs, Margaret Lucas, William Morrison. William R. Draper. Prose Awards for Ozark writing. Fees: $3 for entire conference; $2 for one day; professional criticism service, $7. Address inquiries to Adelaide H. Jones, General Chairman, Writers' Conference, Drury College, Springfield 2, Mo.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by the Ocean Park Assembly, will meet August 21-23 at Ocean Park. Founded 1941. Chairman: Dan Kelly. Advisory Chairman: Adelbert M. Jakeman. Vice-Chairman: Louise Darcy. Staff: Harold W. Gleason, Sheldon Christian, William E. Harris, Elva Harris, Louise Darcy, Doris Ricker Marston, Loring Williams, and others. Guest speaker: A. S. Burack, Workshops in fiction, nonfiction, articles, radio-TV, poetry, juveniles. Poetry tournament. Prize contests. Bookfair. Memorial tribute to Longfellow. Registration fee: $1.50 per day. For accommodations, write Ocean Park Hotel. Ocean Park, Me. Last year's attendance: 100. Address inquiries to Dan Kelly, 37 Stone St., Augusta, Me.

MCKENDREE COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, called Colloquium last year, meets on Apr. 13 on the campus of McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Director: Mildred Silver. Leader: Georgia C. Nicholas, of Nicholas Literary Agency. Fee: $1. Personal interviews and criticism by Miss Nicholas by appointment, special fees. One-act play by Lea Abernathy which won first prize at 1955 McKendree Conference will be presented. Last year's attendance: 102. Address inquiries to: Mildred Silver, Director, Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

DETROIT WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at the Crowley-Milner Department Store, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 22-24. Director: Irv. Leiberman. Speakers: TV script buyers, magazine editors, professional writers, teachers. Expected enrollment: 100. Address inquiries to Irv. Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

MICHIGAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of English Department of the University of Michigan, will meet May 23-24 at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1953. Director: Robert F. Haugh, assoc. professor of English. Staff: Malcolm Cowley, others to be announced. Workshops in fiction, nonfiction, marketing. Fees: $5 for reading short works, $10 for reading novels. Attendance free. Last year's attendance: 100 at workshops, 200 to 800 at lectures open to public. Address inquiries to Robert F. Haugh, 2617 Haven Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University Extension and William Allen White School of Journalism and Public Information, will meet June 25-28 at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan. Founded 1948, suspended 1950-52, resumed 1953 under the direction of Professor Frances Grinstead. Workshop leaders: Lewis Nordyke, nonfiction; Virginia Scott Miner, poetry; Eula M. Phillips, juvenile writing; Bob Wormington, TV drama; Elizabeth Gregg Patterson, fiction. Tuition: $25 includes some manuscript criticism. Last year's attendance: thirty-three. For brochure, address Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

MID WEST SILVER LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at Oak Haven, a 160-acre property at Fairmont, Minn. Aug. 1-3. Founded 1953. Host: P. Evans Coleman. Chairman: Margaret Durant. Workshop leaders: Margaret Ball Dickson, poetry; Mrs. A. Webb, radio; P. Evans Coleman, the novel. Tuition: $10. Hospitality: $2.50-$3.50. Last year's attendance: nineteen. Address inquiries to P. Evans Coleman, Oak Haven, Rte. 3, Fairmont, Minn.

LIVE OAK WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the University of Mississippi in cooperation with the Biloxi Branch of American Pen Women, will present the following program, Aug. 25-27, at the White House Hotel, Biloxi, Miss.: Welcome by D. C. Trexler; response by Mrs. Lloyd B. Griffith, president Biloxi Branch of American Pen Women; "What an Editor Wants," by Eileen Loonam; "Research," by Ray Samuel; "Agency," by Evans B. Harrington; "Poetry," by Dr. John Husband; "Color Photography in Photo-Journalism," by Ivan Dimitri; banquet address, by Katharine Anne Porter; "Articles for the National Market," by Hodding Carter; "How-To" Panel. Registration: $15. For brochure, write Department of Conferences and Institutes, University Extension, University of Mississippi, University, Miss.

OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Omaha Writers Club, has held conferences in May since 1946. No information received on this year's conference. For dates, write Ruth Crosby, Secretary, Omaha Writers' Conference, 3920 Cuning St., Omaha, Neb.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 20-22 on the campus of Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N. M. Founded 1953. Director: E. Debs Smith. Staff: Marvin Borowsky, Frank Waters, others to be announced. Subjects: playwriting, TV and movie writing, novel and short story writing. Fees: $5 for auditors; $10 for one hour university credit. Awards totaling $300. Last year's attendance: more than 100. For brochure, write E. Debs Smith, Director, ENMU Writers' Workshop, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N. M.

CLEVELAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will hold its sessions at Higbee Department Store, Cleveland, O. June 27-29. Founded 1952. Subjects: TV script writing, magazine writing, and book writing, juvenile and adult. Director: Irv. Leiberman. Speakers to include TV script buyers, magazine editors, publishers, and professional writers. Expected enrollment: 200. Address inquiries to Irv. Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

OHIO VERSEWRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ohio Poetry Society, will meet at the College of Wooster, Wooster, O., May 3-4. Founded 1951. Director: Loring Williams. Staff: Rolfe Humphries, George Abbe, Ralph L. Kinsey, William Barrett, Robert D. West. Registration fee: $3.50. Last year's registration: eighty-six. Address inquiries to Loring Williams, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Heights, 18, O.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 10-12 in the air-cooled auditorium of the Union Building, Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Director: Walter S. Campbell. Ten workshops conducted by experts, writers, and editors. Among them will be article writing (Charles Ferguson), the novel (Paul R. Reynolds), the short story (Dwight V. Swain), the juvenile story (Mary Agnes Thompson), poetry, TV, confession story. Arrangements will be made for criticism of short stories and for consultations with publishers, editors, or agents in attendance. Fees: not above $15. Address inquiries to Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), Director of Courses in Professional Writing, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, will hold its ninth annual conference, June 5-7, at the Sylvania Hotel, Philadelphia. Established 1949. President: Horbard F. Berolzheimer. Staff: Amram E. Nowak, TV and radio; Frank H. Weir, articles and features; Jean Horton Berg, juvenile writing; Austin J. Arp, basic problems and principles; Pauline Bloom, short story; Sister Mary Pauline Fitts, writing for Catholic press; Blanche Whiting Keysner, poetry; Arthur J. Burks, story; Rev. Helmut T. Lehmann, religious writing; Earl T. Crooker, drama; Lewis P. Nachod, teen-age writing; Malcolm Stewart, confessions; Thomas P. Haviland, poetry; William E. Harris, literary consultant. Evening speakers: Joseph B. Icenhower, John W. Alexander, Carolyn Field, Donald E. Cooke, Mrs. Oscar Mertz, Helen Bailey, Mrs. Herbert Frankenfield, Elizabeth Morton. Banquet speakers: Richard Powell, Mary Lee Settle, Livingston Biddle, D. Moreau Barringer. Cash prizes for manuscript contests. Fees: Registration $2 plus $3 for each workshop; evening programs, $2. Address inquiries to Olga P. MacFarland, Registrar, P.O. Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department of the University of Pittsburgh, will meet May 1-2 on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. Founded 1945. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Staff: Simon Michael Bessie, Rose Franken, Louis E. Kronenberger, Richard Larkin, Joseph Verner Rood. No fees, no manuscript criticism. Address inquiries to Edwin L. Peterson, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

NEW YORK WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at a major hotel in New York City, Nov. 7-9. Director: Irv. Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. Subjects: short-short stories, articles, juveniles, TV scripts, magazine fiction, novels, poetry. Address inquiries to Irv. Lieberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, South Texas writers' group, will meet at Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Tex., June 8-11. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Staff: Harrison Smith, William B. Hart, Nina Dorrance, Tom Batten, Timothy Seldes, Stanton Coblentz, J. Frank Dobie, Harnett T. Kane, Fred Gipson, Garland Roark, Lon Tinkle, J. Meredith Tatton, W. A. Stigler, Joel McCrindle, L. L. Foreman, Holland McCombs, Frank Wardlaw, J. A. Carroll, Leonard Ormerod, Van Chandler, M. D. McElroy, Harry Ransome, Ruel McDaniel, Cothburne O'Neal, Rita Naylor, Loula Grace Erdman, Siddie Joe Johnson, Margaret Page, Lynwood Giacomini, Dechard Turner, Ken Harper, Winifred Kupper, Katharine Evans, E. B. Mann, Carl Gibke, Ross Phares, Dave Creveston, Lily Peter, Fania Kruger. Seven magazine editors and six publishers' representatives expected to be present. Lectures, workshops, clinics. Autograph parties, sailing, a visit to the King Ranch. Conference concludes with an award dinner, at which $1,000 in cash prizes are presented. All contest manuscripts returned with comment. Scholarships available. Last year's registration: 383. For brochure, write Dee Woods, 406 South Carancahua, Corpus Christi, Tex.

WRITERS' ROUND-UP at the Amarillo Center, West Texas State College, 2101 Harrison St., Amarillo, Tex., meets Apr. 9-13. Founded in 1950 by the Panhandle Pen Women. Director: A. Kirk Knott, head of the English Department. Staff: Loula Grace Erdman, Hollis Summers, and others. Address inquiries to A. Kirk Knott, Department of English, West Texas State College, Canyon, Tex.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Vermont, will meet July 9-10 at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. Speakers to be announced. Subjects: fiction, articles, poetry, plays, juveniles, markets. No registration fee. Address inquiries to Mary Pearl, president, League of Vermont Writers, c/o Maltex Co., Burlington, Vt.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, an incorporated nonprofit literary association, will meet July 25-27 on the campus of the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. Founded 1956. Director: Ralph B. Potts. Staff: James Stevens, Kenneth Dodson, Murray Morgan, Lucile McDonald; Helen Ross, Zoa Sherburne, Frank Richardson Pierce, Steve McNeil, Dr. George Savage, Martin Flavin, and others to be announced. A cruise across Puget Sound to a salmon barbecue on the Olympic Peninsula on July 28. Rooms for 250 visiting writers are being reserved in a university dormitory. Last year's attendance: More than 400. Address inquiries to Ralph B. Potts, Pacific Northwest International Writers Conference, 1702 Hoge Building, Seattle 4, Wash.

WRITERS' FLOATING WORKSHOP, promoted by American-Foreign Travel Associates, will sail from New York to Bermuda on June 28 on the *Queen of Bermuda*. Staff: Pauline Bloom, Malcolm Stewart. One and a half hours of instruction every morning and afternoon in fiction, poetry, and article writing. Workshop sessions conducted on deck and around the swimming pool. Party in honor of F. Van Wyck Mason on *Bermuda*. Address inquiries to Fay Oppenheim, American-Foreign Travel Assoc., 34 S. Clinton St., Doylestown, Pa.

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Aspects of the Human Situation

"Craft and Character in Modern Fiction," by Morton Dauwen Zabel *(Viking. 331 pp. $4.75), is a collection of essays on novelists from Dickens to the present that look for the total relevance of a work of literary art. Our reviewer, David Daiches of Cambridge University, is lecturing this year at Indiana University.*

By David Daiches

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, who has one of the finest critical minds of our generation, is offering in "Craft and Character in Modern Fiction" nineteen essays written at different times over a period of some twenty years. The most substantial are three on Dickens and four on Conrad. (If it be asked why Dickens should appear in a book on "modern" fiction, the answer is that Mr. Zabel is concerned, in his essays on Dickens, with the modern appraisal of Dickens, with present notions of the man and his work, with the contemporary reconstitution of a "larger and greater Dickens" than the mere Victorian Dickens, a reconstitution which makes possible a richer "understanding of the vital sources out of which the genuine art of the modern novel has emerged and on which it must count in the future.")

Mr. Zabel combines a profound sense of history and of personality with a sensitive understanding of craftsmanship. He thus belongs with Lionel Trilling (rather than with, say, Cleanth Brooks) among those critics who look for the total relevance of a work of literary art, who are concerned with ends as well as means and are not content to demonstrate complexities or subtleties of meaning and structure but go on to consider each author "a man speaking to men." After discussing the comprehensiveness of the Dickensian vision and the poetic whole which he created out of his insights and responses, Mr. Zabel proceeds: "The task of criticism lies exactly in the discernment of this vision and poetry, and of the means—so vexedly personal, so deeply involved in human and social confusion, so radically faithful to experience, so copiously varied and instinctively creative—by which Dickens realized them."

This is well put, and illustrates the parently by conscious intention than kind of searching generalization of which Mr. Zabel is a master. "So vexedly personal" describes with suggestive precision the way in which Dickens's art was involved with his life. When we have explored the full meaning of the phrase, we understand Dickens. Or again, consider how Mr. Zabel sums up Dickens's position between the lustiness of the earlier English novel and the esthetic, Jamesian rigor of the later: "What he brought to his craft was a distracted temper and rebellious impulse that kept him from submitting helplessly to the sentimental and didactic usages with which he compromised, as much as they set him apart from the disciplines of detachment and esthetic calculation that were beginning to assert themselves in his lifetime."

In these essays, Mr. Zabel only occasionally probes the detailed structure of a work—though when he does so he shows he can do it with as much skill and perceptiveness as the greatest masters of the analytic school. He moves to and fro between biography and description, between history and critical analysis, with the object not so much of putting a writer in his historical context as of bringing out the full nature of his achievement. He uses comparison and analogy with tact and understanding. He is not afraid to write: "The order of art to which Conrad addressed himself, less apby instinct and personal necessity, is one that has become paramount in the literature of the twentieth century. The ambiguity of truth, the conflict of appearance and reality, the rival claims of the secret and the social self —these are now integral to modern fiction in its major manifestation, whether in Proust or Mann, James or Kafka, Gide or Sartre. They arrive at something like the condition of paradigm in Pirandello's 'Six Characters in Search of an Author'." The reader is invited to explore a statement of this kind, and such an exploration can yield profound insights.

At the same time Mr. Zabel has the ability to sum up in a brief and memorable phrase the essential core of a whole body of work. To refer to Conrad's "dramatizations of the trapped sensibility" is to point masterfully to the central meaning of Conrad's greatest work; we become better readers of Conrad for reading with that phrase in our minds. And though sometimes we are left with the wish that Mr. Zabel had gone further down the road with us instead of being content merely to point out the way, we are grateful for the way in which he enlarges the significant area of critical discourse and consistently sees fiction as concerned in one way or another with the human situation.

Nothing else in the book quite comes up to the discussions of Conrad and of Dickens. Mr. Zabel is interesting and informative on Hardy's view of his own art and its relation to his practice, judicious about Samuel Butler, perceptive but rather too general in his discussion of James, sound on E. M. Forster without adding anything substantial to what Trilling has said, excellent on Graham Greene.

WRITERS' MALAISE: The malaise of America's serious writers is reminiscent of the nineteenth-century French novelist. This is most apparent in the new American bourgeois's lack of sympathy for the "artistic" or avant-garde writer. His work does not satisfy the "needs" of the common man: entertainment to fill inevitable idle moments, "inspiration" to comfort him in times of doubt or despair, useful instruction to increase his earning power and solve his immediate problems. But even excluding the incomprehensible or immoral *poètes maudits*, we still find that most good American novels and plays fail to express the relaxed companionability, the confident spirit of optimism, and the denial of the negative and the tragic that compose the current myth of the American personality. Foreign critics, as well as some of our own, have been impressed by the importance of violence, tragedy, and impotence in American novels and the fundamental incommunicativeness and agonizing atomic solitude of their heroes. Among postwar pieces alone, such works as "Miriam," "From Here to Eternity," "The Naked and the Dead," "The Man With the Golden Arm," "Dangling Man," "A Member of the Wedding," and "The Death of a Salesman" offer an uninterrupted series of fictional characters whose alienation, isolation, and anguish match or overpower the more civilized and self-analyzing tragic heroes of Proust, Mauriac, Malraux, and Sartre.

—From "The Unheroic Hero," by Raymond Giraud (Rutgers University Press).

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The Discerning Critic

"Principles and Persuasions," by Anthony West *(Harcourt, Brace. 245 pp. $4.50), is a collection of essays on recent books by the* New Yorker *critic. Professor James Gray of the University of Minnesota reviews it.*

By James Gray

IT IS the task of the critic of books to approach reports of the human condition, offered by statesmen, soldiers, mystics, poets, and entertainers, with the air of possessing a universal authority to judge, supported on one side by universal taste in matters of esthetics, and on the other by universal wisdom in matters of morality.

Obviously no sensible person would really claim to deserve such authority. It is thrust upon him by the circumstances of his guardianship. The critic is like a father who must do the best he can in another difficult relationship, that of parent to a brood of wildly different, infinitely challenging children. It is the most that can be asked of either critic or father that he exercise the inescapable obligation to make judgments with discretion alerted by a sense of responsibility and with delicacy quickened by insight and candor.

There is no question that this kind of authority may be claimed for Anthony West. He conceives of himself not as the specialist in nuances that the academic critic must be, but as a maker of those brisk, primary judgments upon which the work of scholars will later be based. As the books come hurtling at his head from the presses of publishers in their startling barrage, he must maintain his poise and his good temper while he sorts out the good from the bad, that is, the work of honest craftsmanship from the fraud, the piece of reliable revelation from that of deliberate intellectual trickery.

One of the many reassuring things about Anthony West's performance as critic is that he shows the "shining morning face" of discernment that one looks for in any guide. He is cheerful without frivolity, respectful without subservience, uncompromising without pomposity. He does not think of his job as being chiefly that of an entertainer performing in competition with the entertainer whose work he has under consideration. That was always Mencken's way and the result was that he seemed often to splash about, with noisy exuberance, in the shallows of his subject, tossing off cascades of irrelevant brilliance, but doing little to cope with

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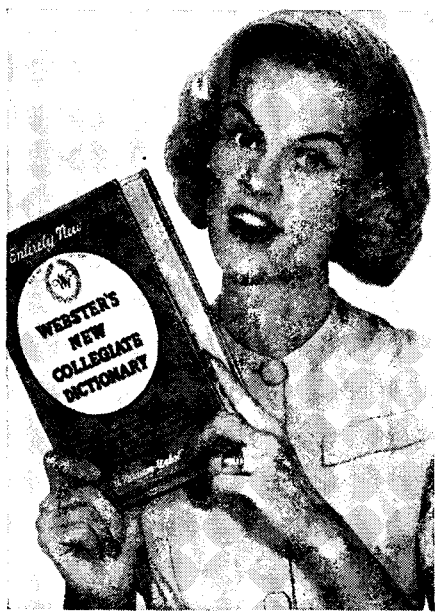

what a difference there is in dictionaries!

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the "sea of troubles" represented by literature. (Mencken left along with the great treasure of his image a shabby heritage of gimcrack judgments that still need to be sorted over: Henry James might have been a great writer if he had gone to live in Chicago and learned to appreciate the vulgar force of American character. Dreiser wrote "badly" because he wrote "automatically." How completely misguided and misleading can criticism be!)

Nor is Anthony West ever guilty of that ignorant passivity that allows the routine reviewer to pass along as divine revelation the half truths that a biographer may contrive to conceal the limitations of his subject or that a novelist may contrive to ennoble his own tormented psyche. West is widely enough informed in many fields to spot divergences from truth in historical studies and sensitive enough as fellow novelist to know when a storyteller is sacrificing esthetic responsibility to convenience.

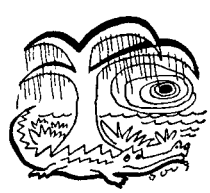
The reviewer of the general trade output produces in a year or two of judgment an interesting and curious parade of personalities. It has been Anthony West's job in recent years, as he has written the essays brought together in this volume, to deal with many different kinds of persons, notable for many different kinds of services. Some of them, as a result of his attentions, stand before us diminished in stature—"poor Hughie" Walpole, George Eliot, even Thomas Jefferson. Some wear their imperfections on their heads and the gaudy adornments of their own too lively imaginations on their public characters and yet retain their genius—Churchill, Lawrence of Arabia, Dickens. Some, like Charles Evans Hughes, quietly advance to places of more conspicuous eminence.

But when Anthony West unpins the wings of fraudulent sainthood he does so with no air of rancorous glee. Rather, it is his point that human beings should not be allowed to undermine their dignity by clinging to the dusty props of theatrical misrepresentation. Any man or woman who has done important work—or even unimaginative but conscientious work—should be required to stand for final judgment on the basis of his absolute merits, unclouded by special pleading or subterfuge.

The most appealing thing about Anthony West's criticism is this healthy insistence on a simple doctrine of responsibility. For a writer to tell half truths is only a little more reprehensible than it is for a reader to accept half truths. The sin lies in adding "to our illusions about life, not our knowledge of it."

And there is another disastrous fault which Anthony West underscores in all his essays. This is for a writer to fail either because of his passivity or because of his immaturity of spirit, to cope with the implications of his theme. His review of a widely and most injudiciously praised book—Edwin O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah"—brilliantly diagnoses the fatal flaw. The book, he suggests, "persuasively pretends that mean vices are virtues and it is that rare thing, a genuinely subversive book."

It is occasion for gratitude to find a critic of the literary output of our concessive time who is at once as sober as Anthony West and as high-spirited, as dedicated to responsibility, as healthy and as pleasant to read.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IT HAPPENED IN MISSISSIPPI

In each of the novels listed below, a Mississippi author has used his native state as a setting. Emily Sanders and Lucille Peacock of Aberdeen, Mississippi ask you to pair titles with authors. Answers on page 49.

1. "Taproots"	( ) Claude Gentry
2. "Dollar Cotton"	( ) Eudora Welty
3. "Intruder in the Dust"	( ) Louise Eskrigge Crump
4. "Double Muscadine"	( ) Elizabeth Spencer
5. "The Face of Fear"	( ) John Faulkner
6. "Delta Wedding"	( ) Shelby Foote
7. "Crossroads"	( ) Alice Walworth Graham
8. "This Crooked Way"	( ) John Myers Myers
9. "Natchez Woman"	( ) William Faulkner
10. "Tournament"	( ) Frances Ormond Gaither
11. "The Wild Yazoo"	( ) Robert Rylee
12. "Along the Tallahatchie"	( ) Pat Smith
13. "Flood Crest"	( ) Lae Cornell
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15. "Deep Dark River"	( ) James Street

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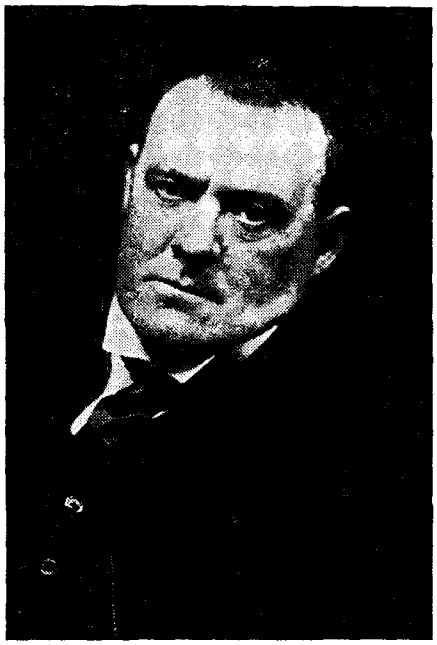


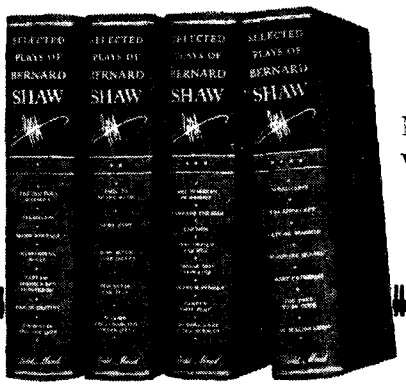
Camera portrait by E. D. Hoppe.
Hilaire Belloc—"loyal to his creed."

Study in Versatility

"The Life of Hilaire Belloc," by Robert Speaight *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 542 pp. $6.50) and* ***"Belloc the Man," by Eleanor and Reginald Jebb*** *(Newman. 169 pp. $3.25), are two studies of a many-sided British man of letters. They are reviewed by President George N. Shuster of Hunter College, author of a number of studies of English literature and its makers.*

By George N. Shuster

HILAIRE BELLOC called one of his books "On Everything," and this could no doubt be used to describe his work as a whole. Probably as a result, when he could no longer manage the prodigious output of his best years (seven titles appeared during 1931), the public began to forget who he was and what he had done. We like to pigeonhole our writers, pin them down as novelists, historians, or something recognizable. But Robert Speaight's "Life of Hilaire Belloc" profits greatly by the many-sidedness of its hero. One marvels at the good fortune which has led to the brightening of this literary corner with so beguiling a sheen. This is an "official life" only in terms of the green light given. Mr. Speaight does not fawn or staidly compile letters and comments. He does what he pleases without becoming either a valet or a sage on the slopes of Mt. Olympus. One finishes the book without the slightest doubt



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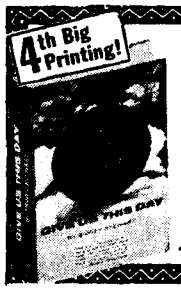

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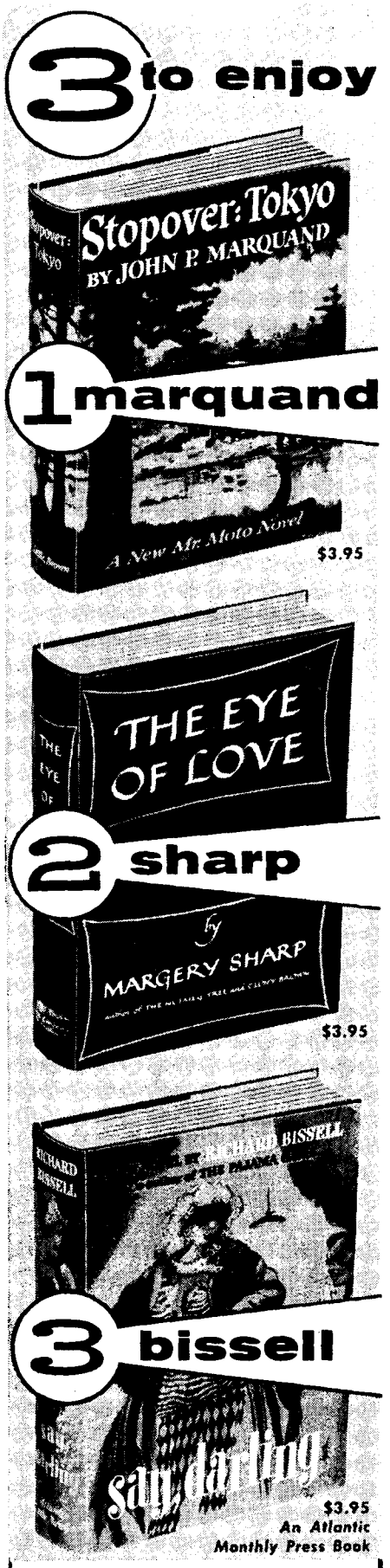

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that its difficult subject would on the whole have been enormously pleased while sputtering with indignation upon occasion.

The author of "Lambkin's Remains," "Emmanuel Burden," and "The Cruise of the *Nona*" came straight out of the eighteenth century. But he did so in his own complex way. He was a reincarnation of sorts of Dean Swift and Dr. Johnson and of a refugee from Catholic France uprooted by the Revolution. To his mind, the only debate which really mattered was that between the skepticism of Bayle and Voltaire and the Church which has its central seat in Rome. Whatever attempted to live on as a sort of compromise between the two aroused in him a contentiousness which may safely be compared to the great Dean's aversion to science. One need only adduce as evidence his controversy with Wells.

Yet Belloc's Roman Catholicism was not a matter of loving one thing and despising another. It was rather the outlook of a man wholly satisfied with his spiritual home who refused to travel. Sometimes he could be as anti-clerical as a milder Jacobin while remaining a loyal to his creed as a Vendée peasant.

It may help to understand the man Mr. Speaight presents in all his pertinent dimensions if one tries to resurrect the outlook of the period of the First World War. Belloc lived through the variegated overtures—the smug capitalistic isolationism of Britain, the fevers of France (from which he admittedly suffered in turn), and the varied advantages gained by Germany in its Prussian guise. During this time he made a valiant if often quixotic effort to persuade England to do penance and to awaken in France a sense of its tradition. He scourged London, went to the end of the tether cajoling Paris. In these efforts his best strength was revealed and his major weaknesses were exposed. In retrospect he appears to have been remarkably clairvoyant and equally extraordinarily obtuse.

So far as we can now tell, Belloc will have his safe place in the remembrance of writing in English not because of his satire and religious polemic, however valuable these may be to historians, or of his numerous biographies, but because of what he said about himself in his verse and in a few books like "The Path to Rome."

The foregoing impression is confirmed, though not overtly, by another new book "Belloc the Man," the memoir which Eleanor and Reginald Jebbs offer as a modest memorial. The writing is pedestrian, and the second part is exactly the kind of elongated obituary notice one would expect a daughter to provide. Nevertheless the Jebbs's book supplies not a few memorable, even unforgettable details. In addition it includes Eric Gill's inimitable drawing.

Unquestionably one of Mr. Speaight's temptations, numerous no doubt as those which beset Anthony in his desert, was a yearning to highlight the cantankerousness of his hero. Of this the strange man who wore mourning during the years after his wife's death was an incomparable master. Responding to an American newspaperman's request for his prescription, for happiness, Belloc staunchly abjured the young man to resolve to be miserable.

Indeed, Belloc laid about him with a flail. Jews were offended by what today seems a loaded pro-Zionist tract. Protestants and Anglicans he outraged to the deepest recesses of their souls. He could also often be a trial to his fellow Catholics, especially those whom his short-cuts through history discomfited. But, as Mr. Speaight makes abundantly clear, his profession was that of achieving an uncanny mastery of words, learned not because using them was a noble art only, but because through them a man could express his deep concern over the destiny of his race. In short, I believe, Mr. Speaight has written as unforgettable a book about the dead as has recently come to life.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 720

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 720 will be found in the next issue.

MTCH BCLEHCLEA PEG

YLWG MPSFZ KNLED SR HMP

WTLFZNGE.

XNCEOFLE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 719

A shoemaker should not judge above his shoes.

—APELLES.

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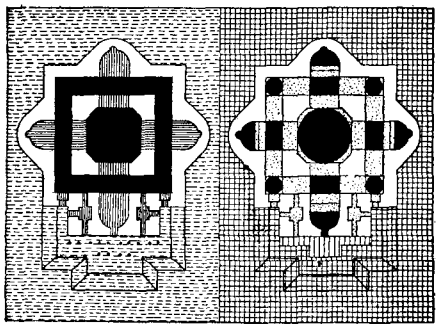
Fine Arts

Continued from page 16

sures of an interior space . . . achieving its own concreteness in multiple, expansive bursts . . . not so much space as the *process of expansion.*" Thus *through* the handling of space architecture's social, religious, etc., content is expressed.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Zevi's treatment of later periods, ending with the Organic Space of our time, gives more of this deeply felt and "quintessential" treatment than any introductory work I know, and probably more than any single full-scale history of architecture, at least in English. This despite the fact that each section by itself is perforce sketchy in the extreme and makes no claim to scholarly, even bibliographic, inclusiveness. It is precisely this that brings Mr. Zevi to formulate a kind of Prolegomenon to a future scholarly history of architecture. Besides the spatial, what will be its viewpoints? Will it disregard architecture's technical, symbolic, sociological and many other aspects? And will criticism altogether discard its limited and overworked criteria of "balance," "unity," "truthfulness," "functionality"?

To these questions Mr. Zevi's answer is "organic" and multidimensional. Nothing less than a total viewpoint can guide the new history and criticism. Not merely architecture's history, but—which is almost the same thing—environment's future. "We live in cities that are actively decomposing, where a lack of planning vision has arrested all possibilities for healthy, organic communities. . . . A modern, organic history of architecture will . . . speak to the whole, integrated human being. . . . Like another sense, we shall acquire a feeling for space, a love of space, and a need for freedom in space. . . . In the light of the past and its criticism, theories of contemporary architecture . . . shall enrich themselves with an entirely human language."



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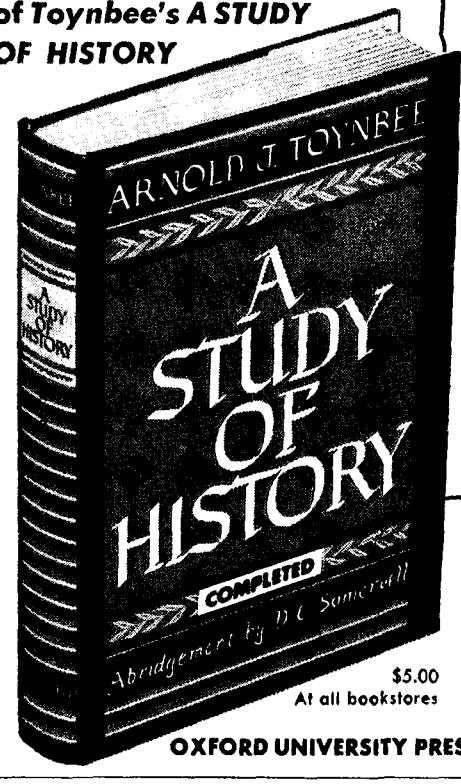

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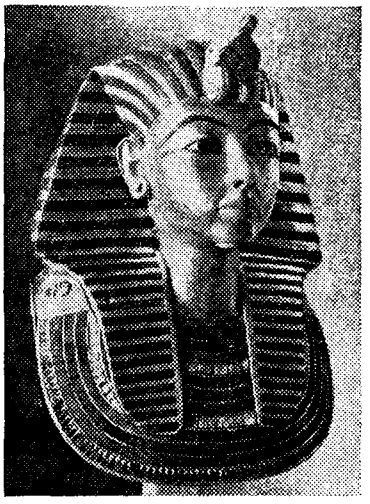

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

of vanished power and splendor. In this novel its twin symbol is the Church with its elaborate structure of mystery and its promise of transcendent grace.

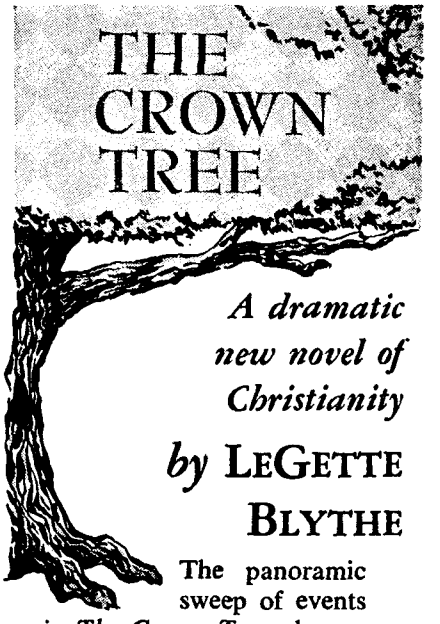
Outwardly "The Towers of Trebizond" is a zestful, irreverent pilgrimage through cruel and haunted lands. It moves easily between the fables of antiquity and a modern instance of illicit love—love which in this book is not an act but an idea and which achieves an interest unknown to the undress writers. And here the novel turns inward to a search for what the Church can offer; the journey to Trebizond and Jerusalem parallels an agnostic's search for grace. Only a writer of extraordinary wit, learning, and skill could treat this theme with a lightness which does not diminish its gravity.

BUFFOONS FROM MADISON AVE.: There have been books about advertising, but **"Viva Madison Avenue!"** by George Panetta (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), is in an entirely new key. Mr. Panetta chooses to take the low comedy approach and ignore the ad game completely. His heroes are a couple of buffoons named Caputo and Caruso, who are supposed to be a copy writer and a director respectively, but who might as well be two of the Marx brothers for all of the huckstering they do. The boys get drunk at a presidential election telecast (Caruso appears on camera as the Congressman from North Dakota), drunk at the office party (Caruso invades the powder room), drunk in a hotel (with a lady tourist), etc., etc. They marry off the office spinster, throw a TV show into a slapstick uproar when Caruso ad libs an unhappy ending (he admires Rosselini but doesn't know anything about "camera . . . or lighting, or any of all that stuff . . ."). Mr. Panetta's Keystone copywriter and his pal undergo every variety of escapade except that of getting fired.

"Viva Madison Avenue!" is too far-fetched to be much of a parody, but it has some amusing moments.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

GIRL GOING WRONG: The seedy side of London has a long literary history, and **"Jane"** (Vanguard, $3.95), Phyllis Bottome's first novel in many years, is right in the old tradition. Miss Bottome, author of such best-sellers as "Private Worlds" and "Mortal Storm," would probably be the first to admit her current admiration for Dickens. Jane lives with George, a cat-bur-



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glar who has been training her for three years as his accomplice. She is fifteen years old, and, while not really a bad girl, she has perhaps murdered her father. Alas, just when one hopes that they will take off for the Riviera and some high-style pilfering, Jane gets caught and sent to a reform school. Whereupon Miss Bottome, who says that she has worked in a number of such remand homes, grinds some axes on the proper psychological handling of "these young people"—and she takes quite a while doing it.

Suddenly, half way through the book, just as our little delinquent is well on the way to a cheery adjustment, she slips back into the life of crime. Some good drama follows. There are some fine scenes: Jane and George escaping across the roofs of London; Jane sitting among the wilted cabbages of their grocery store "front," fending off an attractive plainclothesman while George gets rid of the swag.

The result is a fine, picaresque tale even if one has the somewhat uneasy impression that this is not exactly what the author intended. Her feeling for girls such as Jane is obviously well-meaning, but the reader is most interested when Jane is onward and upwards over the rooftops.

Although Jane doesn't make much sense psychologically, she certainly is colorful. And, considering the life she leads, she emerges as a girl who could do well, perhaps even better, in a film.

—JEAN CAMPBELL JONES.

TROUBLE IN THE CARIBBEAN: Geoffrey Wagner's **"Rage on the Bar"** (Noonday Press, $3.50) is an ambitious attempt to sum up the case against colonialism, old style, by imagining a situation in which the worst excesses of colonial administration are displayed in a Jamaica-like island called Connaught. Mr. Wagner has evidently set out to read the West a lesson, and he has assembled his data from the terrifying accounts of the eighteenth-century slave rebellion in the Guianas and the modern atrocities in Kenya; his caricatures of colonial officers are drawn from European and Afrikaner colonial administrators in a dozen areas. By setting his fable in the Caribbean, in an island about to be incorporated into the British Caribbean Federation, he lends his story a peculiar shock value for Americans.

Into the island of Connaught Mr. Wagner introduces his hero, Captain Philip Teale, who has just been sent out from London as the new aide-de-camp to the governor. Teale finds at once that both the officialdom and the planter aristocracy are predominantly stupid, bored, and vicious defenders of the established order, who violently and relentlessly repress the native population in order to forestall a possible rising of the dreaded Zodudu—the Connaught equivalent of the Mau Mau, who torture, murder, and mutilate defenseless Europeans. The governor's G3, Walter Gillams (whom Teale later identifies as a former traitor and collaborator with the Nazis), condones punitive expeditions against the natives, grossly mistreats native prisoners, and humiliates Teale when the latter insists on obeying the letter of the law. Teale is soon branded a leftist, and only partially redeems himself by showing extreme bravery under fire. His problems are complicated by his affair with Lady Leone Diehl, a strangely warped but alluring member of the island's ruling family.

Since it is Leone's violent heedlessness that brings the seething native discontent to open revolt, she is clearly necessary to the plot, but otherwise this *belle dame sans merci* remains as incredible as the Colonel Blimps who make up the administrative corps of Connaught. The author's intense concern is beyond question, but the overdrawn plot and characters of "Rage on the Bar" tend to be self-defeating. Mr. Wagner's righteous indignation brings his novel perilously close to melodrama. —MILTON CRANE.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE: In Carlo Cocciolo's **"The Little Valley of God"** (translated by Campbell Nairne; Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a stranger named Emanuele appears in an Italian village and works miraculous changes in the lives of some of the inhabitants. In Mr. Cocciolo's very explicit allegory, Emanuele is a divine manifestation, the village is a microcosm of the world, and the message Emanuele brings concerns the very meaning of life. To be a true microcosm, Mr. Cocciolo's mythical valley must exhibit the vices as well as the virtues of the world; there is hardly a sin worth mentioning that is not catalogued in the novel. And to be able to apprehend the meaning of life, the villagers must experience the meaning of death: through an awareness of death, some of the dwellers in the Little Valley of God are enabled to understand their relationship to each other and to eternity. The effectiveness of the author's symbolism is considerably dimmed by his wandering style, which embraces ponderous sentimentality, surrealistic interludes, a predilection for dilating on the gruesome, and a profusion of sententious essays. —M. L.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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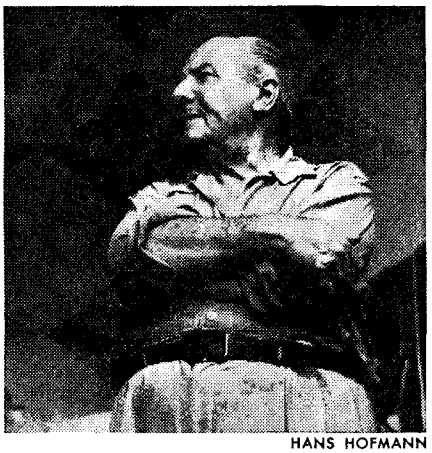

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Verse

Continued from page 20

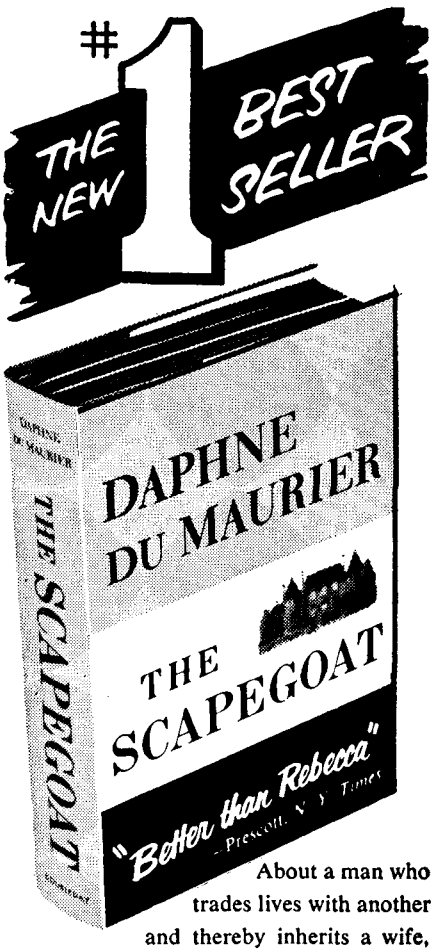
poem from page 53 of "A Wreath" called "Quo Dolore Contenebratum Est Cor Meum" turns out "In the Rose of Time" to bear the title of a prior poem on page 51 of "The Wreath," "Ecce Abstulistis Hominem De Hoc Vita," and so exclude the fine things in the absence of the latter poem such as the memorable final stanza, worthy of Donne:

> Now as I turn fearfully away, the last
> Sickening breath impossible, I can not
> See or feel the world, and I am done.
> I had this love and this perplexity.

The only other complaint might be concerning the small number of new poems—fifteen—included in this collection. Perhaps, with more encouragement there might have been, and be, more poems. Perhaps Fitzgerald has been too good a poet to be widely acclaimed. Taste is not necessarily a universal quality. But it is certainly a loss not to know the work of this sincere and accomplished artist.

NO SONGS, NO DANCES: Back in the sad, bad, mad, old Thirties (if memory serves) William Pillin carried a heavy load of "social significance." In his new volume **"Dance Without Shoes"** (Golden Quill Press, Francestown, N. H., $2.50), the situation is somewhat changed, but the mood—the passive—is the same: crushed by the Depression then, in these mid-century years he is prey principally to fear of the Bomb. In these terrors, of course, he has not been alone as a person; but a poet can never allow himself to be simply one of the faces in the crowd.

That Mr. Pillin has never accepted this basic obligation of the poet-as-maker is, I think, at the root of his troubles in "Dance Without Shoes." So, though there is much talk of dancing, his words rarely dance. His words too often fall short of song, despite much talk of music. Though emotional to the point of naivete, with a natural leaning to the simple lyric, he seems to have an uneasy conscience, to feel he should be complex, intellectual-emotional in the metaphysical mode. But he is not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be. So there is a plethora of images which stumble one over the other; for example, July "intones," "sucks," gives out "sultry whispers" all in the same breath—while "trees faint, stones burn" in the next. The sum of all the metaphor is less than the parts. —GERARD PREVIN MEYER.



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USA

The Credo We Call Conscience

"The American Conscience," by Roger Burlingame *(Knopf. 420 pp. $6.75), is a study of the credo of the national community before 1890 and, to a lesser extent, since. Eric F. Goldman of Princeton, author of "The Crucial Decade" and other books.*

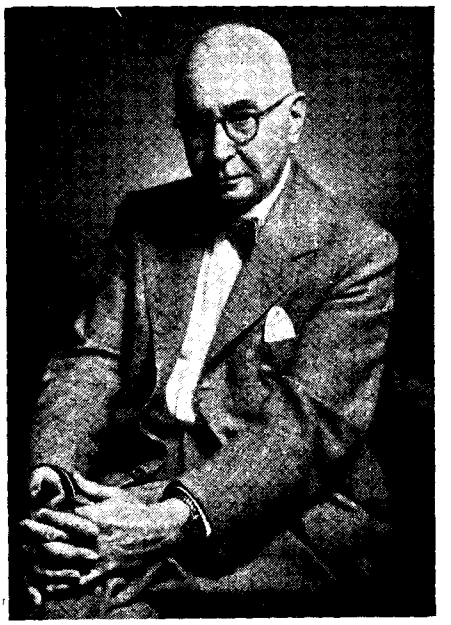
By Eric F. Goldman

OF THE many varieties of history, probably the type most satisfying to the general reader is that in which a fully matured mind, deeply versed in the American story, strikes off on a free-wheeling treatment of a major theme. Roger Burlingame's "The American Conscience" is such history. The subject could hardly be more important—the United States, as Mr. Burlingame points out, has been a nation with a "peculiar compulsion" to insist upon moral explanations and judgments.

Mr. Burlingame defines the American conscience in a broad sense—not simply the dominant body of opinion concerning matters like integrity or sex but a community credo drawn from and applying to a tangle of political and social circumstances. In all this tangle, he argues, three things made the American conscience unique for many decades. We were isolated, geographically and by our own will; the frontier stretched out invitingly; and tremendous national wealth was encountered on the transcontinental march. Within the framework of these facts, the American conscience gradually took form, divided against itself at the time of the Civil War, reemerged as a national conscience. All the while, the extent to which the national conscience would whip events into line varied, sometimes operating powerfully, at other times only weakly asserting itself.

The major section of Mr. Burlingame's book concerns the period up to the 1890s. In his opinion, the era before the twentieth century shaped the basic set of American standards. After that, isolation, the frontier, and the sense of unending wealth all slackened in their influence. The past fifty years have simply tended to confuse the original moral concepts.

In the twentieth century, Mr. Burlingame goes on, the nation has clung to these earlier attitudes long after events have rendered many of them obsolete. His usually genial pen takes on a touch of acid as he describes the insistence upon " 'free competitive enterprise' which has been largely inoperative for seventy years; on 'rugged individualism' which the organizing impulses inherent in our later society work constantly to suppress. . . . on 'grass roots' under a tight network of communications designed to nullify local interests; on the old 'dignity' of labor which not only no longer requires skill but has become nearly unconscious; on the horrors of socialism after all the Owenite, Fourierist, and Marxist propaganda has been almost instinctively rejected by American masses; on fear of monopoly when some form or degree of monopoly is essential to the proper function of mass production; on a minimum of government planning below the social needs of the new community.



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

"Seasoned wisdom . . . numerous insights."

The extent to which these attitudes have really been carried over into present-day American life can be questioned. It may well be that after, as well as before, the 1890s the basic American conscience has been changing. Some historians would certainly challenge the great importance which Mr. Burlingame assigns to the frontier. Probably a good many readers, historians or not, will wonder whether he has not defined the word "conscience" so broadly that he is really writing a commentary on general American thinking. These and other questions can be raised, but no doubtings can challenge the richness, the suggestiveness, or the high readability of this book.

Nor can they remove the poignance of its conclusion. The American conscience, whatever it is, however it was formed, has frequently gone to sleep only to awake with great vigor. Mr. Burlingame is sure it is quite asleep now. "We are prosperous. We are complacent. Religion has become, for the most part, a social convention. . . . Skill is anonymous, thought is under pressure to conform, security has replaced venture as a dominant aim, intellect is in the discard, and politics are dictated by a cult of mediocrity."

Hesitantly, in a wisp of hopefulness, Mr. Burlingame asks: Hasn't the American conscience always reasserted itself in the past? Is it now possible "to feel, in an hour of quiet darkness when we have turned off the television, the old forces [of conscience] rallying round us?"

Victor Emanuel Monument (Rome)

By Harold Norse

THE marble typewriter or "wedding cake"
is large enough to shelter in its side
several armies; as it is, they keep
a squad of *bersaglieri* there, the hand-
picked of all Italy, the flower to guard
this monsterpiece. In scarlet fez and blue
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of paradise they strut, their bodies hard
and flashing flesh by sunlight or moonlight
with all the brilliance of the male panache.
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What Lies Ahead

***"America's Next Twenty Years," by Peter F. Drucker** (Harper. 114 pp. $2.75), is an economist's analysis of the consequences of population growth, overcrowded schools, decline of natural resources, automation, shifting patterns of business ownership, etc., on our lives. John S. Gambs, Hamilton economics professor, reviews it.*

By John S. Gambs

SOME readers may be misled by the title of Peter F. Drucker's little book, "America's Next Twenty Years." It is decidedly not a book about the glittering future—about the space ships in the heavens and the moving sidewalks of New York that we may expect to see in 1977. It is a somber book about this year and the next, and about the many hard things we shall have to go through in the calculable future if we are to maintain peace, prosperity, and world leadership. It is a checklist of the dreary but important economic problems that confront us today and tomorrow, and that must be solved during the next two decades.

In 114 compressed pages Mr. Drucker raises many large issues: explosive population growth and its manifold repercussions on the labor market, the schools, the problems of old age; automation—what it can do and what it cannot do; decline of natural resources and the implications of this fact for our external politics; current investing habits and their impact both on the formation of capital and on the management of corporations. And there is more, for this book is packed. Most of the problems he raises can be solved, Mr. Drucker feels, but solutions will not be easy, one-shot solutions. They will require self-discipline and vast intelligence on the part of labor, management, and government—indeed, on the part of all of us—editors, physicians, teachers, clergymen—as well as businessmen and laboring people.

This book is no ringing call to action, but it does say something like this: "You've all heard about population growth, overcrowded schools, dearth of engineers, decline of natural resources, automation, ownership di-

—From "Artistry in Ink."

THESE JOLLY FELLOWS, believed to be the handiwork of a fifteenth-century Japanese artist named Shuban, now make their home in the Tokyo Art Museum. There are 48 such plates in **"Artistry in Ink"** (Crown, $6), a Japanese-produced book chronicling the evolution of the ancient Sino-Japanese art of ink painting. Westerners, to whom this will all be quite novel and charming, will find Seroiku Noma's essay authoritative and informative.

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vorced from control, suburbia, and so forth; well, you don't know the half of it; everything is going to be either bigger or smaller or worse than you think it's going to be."

Let us briefly examine one of Mr. Drucker's theses as a sample of his argument. During the next ten years, he thinks, the total number of hours of work will not change much; but the American population will increase twenty per cent. Can we produce what we need in the same number of hours? If we cannot we shall have inflation. But will not automation come to our rescue? Automation will help, but we cannot put our whole trust in it, for automation requires continuous production at a set level of output for a considerable period of time. One cannot change production schedules except at exorbitant cost, and small faults of judgment may lead to bankruptcy. Automation will place vast demands on both employees and management, and we cannot be sure that our schools will be able to turn out good enough men in the quantity required. Indeed, the number of competent teachers will be declining sharply relative to our increasing needs.

It has been said that generals prepare for the next war by fighting the old ones over again and that economists theorize about the next depression by restudying the last—and that mankind suffers from this backward-looking. Mr. Drucker is not guilty of such errors. Not all will agree with all of his theses, but none can deny that his vision of the next twenty years is fresh and perspicacious. He bases his work on present trends and visible needs rather than on developmental theories or congenital optimism. The middle years of the 1950s appear to be years of complacency, probably because after a long season of war, depression, and inflation, we Americans have at last achieved a few quarters of peace and prosperity. But many things hard and sore still lie ahead of us, Mr. Drucker believes; and we must very soon and in dead earnest seek ways of mitigating their impact.

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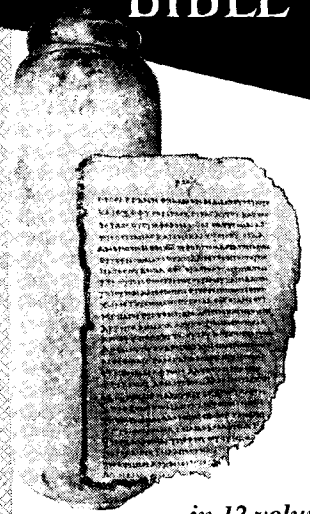

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

First "Parsifal," Villa-Lobos, "Cinderella"

THE first "Parsifal" of a Metropolitan season, like the first crocus of spring, is more often than not somewhat undernourished and anemic, not quite ready for the world into which it is thrust. This has to do with the massive dimensions of the work, the problem of properly integrating its requirements in the rehearsal time allotted in a repertory theatre. But in deference, perhaps, to the need for acquainting two new Parsifals (Brian Sullivan and Albert da Costa) with their duties, Fritz Stiedry had everything well in hand for a Saturday-night performance that began late and ran later but did substantial justice to Wagner.

With such experienced Wagnerians as Otto Edelman (when have we last had a high baritone with his low notes and a thoroughly *lyric* way of singing Gurnemanz?), Hermann Uhde as an expressive Amfortas, and Margaret Harshaw as a solid (all too) Kundry, Sullivan had strong support for his first endeavor. It is a part to which he is admirably suited in physique and temperament, being one in which no sharp dramatic modulations are required. He has, also, the vocal timbre to make his singing count.

The Leo Kerz settings introduced last year are still somewhat neo-Bayreuth for those who have seen Wieland Wagner's original, but they stand the scrutiny of re-acquaintance. That is to say, the deficiencies recede, the utilities predominate in a Graf staging that is functional and dignified. Stiedry's timing, if such it can be called, is all leisure and reflection. More rhythmic definition would give it sharper impact, but the sound is good, the proportions large.

A REPETITION of "Don Carlo" was consistently of a higher musical level than its predecessor. This credit began (again) with conductor Stiedry, who had some brilliant sound to mold from Jussi Bjoerling in particularly bright voice, Robert Merrill as an always admirable Posa, and the now mature, beautifully sung Philip of Jerome Hines. Irene Dalis was a little more settled in the earlier moments of Eboli's part than she had been at her debut, but this is a curiously produced voice, with several colorations and more variation in volume than in quality.

A final change was provided by Antonietta Stella's first Elisabetta, a part to which the Metropolitan's "Don Carlo" has had several heirs apparent, but no Princess Royal. Miss Stella makes a decorative figure in the Gerard costumes, though rather immobile facially, come what may. Her voice sounded clearer and brighter in the ensembles than it did in the solo scenes and duets, which tended to be rather thick in sound, and without a strongly drawn rhythmic line. For whatever reason—and the name-studded cast may have been one—"Don Carlo" is now among Bing's best sellers, with as full a house and as rowdy a passel of standees as if it were "Trovatore." In Verdi, truly, *veritas*.

WHETHER as conductor, conductor-composer, or music-lover-conductor, Heitor Villa-Lobos gave his Philharmonic audience a full measure of enjoyment at his recent pair of appearances in Carnegie Hall. Far from the best of composer-conductors, it was nevertheless absorbing to observe Villa-Lobos carving out the lines of his "Bachianas Brasilieras No. 1"—written for eight *celli*, but played by twelve—marking with almost sculptural strokes the interaction of melodic line and harmonic supports he desired in the eloquent slow movement.

His own "Choros No. 8" was a somewhat less orderly affair. Some of the "detail" was effectively exposed, but the technique to make the large sections flow into each other is not at Villa-Lobos's conductorial command. It has many ideas, some of them very good, others in a "come to think of it" category. For a final sample of his own works, Villa-Lobos offered his "Mandú-Carará" of 1948 in a final version for orchestra and voices (it was first heard with pianos and percussion with chorus). A big, gaudily-colored work, it might make first-rate matter for hifi-ing.

Two phases of the distinguished visitor's long vareer (he has just passed seventy) were reflected in his choice of non-Villa-Lobos matter. One was the richly ornate, slightly faded "Salammbo" suite (No. 2) from the music written by his Parisian friend Florent Schmitt in 1928 to illustrate a silent film, the other the "Abentura Concertante" of the contemporary Brazilian Camargo Guarnieri. With its recollections of Wagner ("Parsifal"), Debussy (a re-orchestrated "L'Apres midi"), and Stravinsky (some tastefully chosen chords from "Le Sacre"), plus a pinch of Schmitt for seasoning, this is audience-pleasing matter which pleased this one considerably. For that matter, the total audience reaction to Villa-Lobos was one of pleased pleasure—a way of combining the pleasure of seeing a live, famous composer with the discovery that this one writes music that can really be called pleasing.

Once a commodity in considerable supply, the music of Massenet is to such an extent being rationed these days that those who regard it with affection welcomed a recent Symphony of the Air progam in which Robert Lawrence conducted sizable portions of "Manon" and "Werther." His vocalists, Licia Albanese and Cesare Valletti, were, on the whole, better attuned to the familiar "Manon" than the unfamiliar "Werther" (it is questionable policy to use a soprano in the latter), but it was all done with fervor and musical sense. Aside from an overproduction of brass sound occasionally, Lawrence did his work well.

BESET by such hazards as beginning and middle, middle-middle, and ending-middle commercials (more than half-a-dozen in an hour-and-a-quarter) Rodgers and Hammerstein made their first venture into television a quality one with "Cinderella," employing Julie Andrews, Edith Adams, Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney, the hitherto unknown Jon Cypher, and various others. By the time of the telecast most of the musical material was (thanks to recordings) familiar. It is in large part high-grade Rodgers and Hammerstein, with such cleverly rhymed lyrics as "Impossible," "Lovely Night," and "In My Own Little Corner" set to music which attests to Rodgers's continued success in wooing the muse and improving the "inspirational" elements by many skilful devices.

The discussion of "Cinderella" as TV entertainment may be left to more qualified opinion. Looking at the mating of medium and musical talent, it struck me that some new concept of time, *per se*, is needed. Some of the romantic matter, such as the Shuberty "Do I Love You," tends to suffer under the X-ray eye of the camera, and other elements went on longer than their relationship to the whole warranted. The interruptions and other arbitrary limitations put a painful pressure on establishing anything like a mood, but the debut of Miss Andrews with Rodgers and Hammerstein was an experience to cherish.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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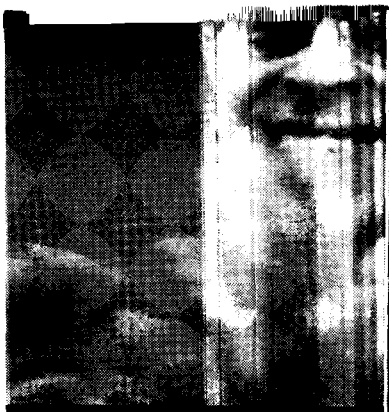


No. 27 REVISITED

In February 1936 a young, modest-looking and virtually unknown pianist named Rudolf Serkin stepped out on the stage of Carnegie Hall for the first time to play a piano concerto by Mozart. Moments later it was clear to everyone there that Mozart had never been in better hands. The conductor on this occasion was Arturo Toscanini, a notorious perfectionist. Flinging aside his baton, the maestro himself led the ensuing ovation from the podium. Serkin's Mozart (like his Beethoven, and his Schubert and his everything else) is in a class by itself. He conceives of the concerti as grand-scale works and plays them with drama, but without theatrics, letting the music speak for itself. Among the new Serkin recordings are four of the Mozart concerti, including No. 27, which caused all the excitement 21 years ago. Mozart, we are glad to report, is still in the best of hands.

MOZART: Piano Concerti Nos. 21 in C Major (K. 467) and 27 in B-Flat Major (K. 595) with Alexander Schneider conducting the Columbia Sym. Orch.
ML 5013 $3.98

MOZART: Piano Concerti Nos. 25 in C Major (K. 503) and 17 in G Major (K. 453) with the Columbia Symphony Orch., George Szell, Cond.
ML 5169 $3.98

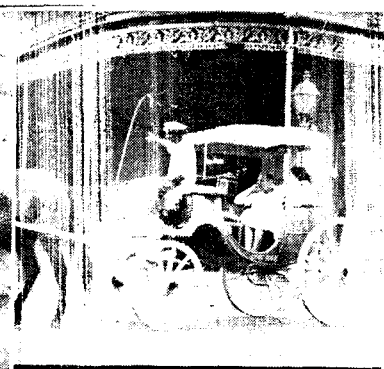
SERKIN SPECTACULAR

A part of Rudolf Serkin's approach to the piano is to build up within himself a reserve fund of more technique, more speed, more volume, more everything than he can possibly use—and then simply let the music play him. Since the advent of the (lp) record a good part of the finest and most difficult piano music ever written has played Serkin (it would take more than a full day to listen to all his performances available on Columbia). These are some brand-new examples by one of the truly spectacular talents of our day.

BEETHOVEN: "Moonlight," "Pathétique" and "Appassionata" Sonatas.
ML 5164 $3.98

SCHUBERT: Moments Musicaux and Sonata in C Major "Unfinished."
ML 5153 $3.98

SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto in A Minor.
STRAUSS: Burlesque in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Cond.
ML 5168 ($2.98 April only)



SOUNDS OF NEW ORLEANS

The French called it Nouvelle Or-le-ans and bequeathed it the minuet. The Negro called it New Or-leens and gave it jazz and the blues. The Creole called it New Or-liens and made it pulse with the voodoo dance. There have been as many distinct musical cultures in New Orleans as there are ways to pronounce the name of Louisiana's "Crescent City." Oddly enough, the job of synthesizing the three strains has fallen to a Yankee from Springfield, Massachusetts. To paint this musical portrait Paul Weston has augmented the usual strings and woodwinds with tambourines, triangles, a small jazz band, honky-tonk piano, tom-toms and even a calliope. Drawing on folk tunes and original themes, he has constructed a tone poem which vividly depicts this city of romance, history and charm.

CRESCENT CITY: Paul Weston and his Music From Hollywood.
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THE TWO MOST HAPPY FELLAS

"The Most Happy Fella" marks an important milestone for Broadway in that plot and lyrics in this musical treatment of "They Knew What They Wanted" are integrated to the point where they are inseparable. Frank Loesser has filled it so full of song (it contains more than thirty musical numbers) that it approaches the realm of opera. An almost endless flow of music propels the narrative forward, pausing only when spoken word becomes a necessity. When it came time to record "The Most Happy Fella" we knew that two versions were needed—one containing the entire performance, one the more customary group of excerpts. Listening to either is a most happy experience.

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA: Original Broadway Cast, complete performance.
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THE MOST HAPPY FELLA: Original Broadway Cast, highlights.
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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

—Arthur Siegel (for Angel Records).
Maria Meneghini Callas.

—Serge LeBlanq.
Zinka Milanov.

Renata Tebaldi.

MARIA, RENATA, ZINKA . . . . *and Leonora*

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ONE widespread opinion holds that an ideal prima donna would be beautiful, magnetic, and always young; she would possess a warm ("womanly") voice under such complete domination that she would never project a single tone not round, exquisite, and squarely on pitch. Those who care more for singing, more for vocal sound, perhaps more for recordings, than for opera compound this prescription. Giuseppe Verdi, a great composer who cared about opera, held another view. In 1843, receiving word that Eugenia Tadolini was to sing in a production of his "Macbeth," Verdi wrote to Salvatore Cammarano, his librettist:

"You know how highly I think of Mme Tadolini, and she knows it too; but in all our interests I think it necessary to remark that she has qualities too great for this role! This may seem an absurdity! Mme Tadolini has a beautiful face and looks good, and I would have Lady Macbeth ugly and wicked. Mme Tadolini sings to perfection, and I would not have Lady Macbeth sing at all. Mme Tadolini has a wonderful voice, clear, liquid, and powerful, and Lady Macbeth's voice should be that of a devil. Please bring these comments to the notice of the directors, of Maestro Mercadante, who will understand my ideas better than anyone, and of Mme Tadolini herself, and do what you think best."

Verdi believed, that is, that the real role of an operatic singer was not looking good and singing exquisitely, but shaping character and propelling drama. That, too, was what Ernest Newman believed nearly ninety years later when he wrote: "We may get, as with Flagstad, good singing, and for that we are very grateful; but Flagstad's Isolde or Brynhilde is not psychologically on the level of Wagner's." That character and drama help to define opera at its highest excellence must be axiomatic to anyone who wants this complex art to be something more compelling than a concert of vocal music irrelevantly sung in costume before stage sets.

The most accomplished all-around operatic performers I ever saw and heard were Mary Garden and Fyodor Chaliapin, both of whom took opera with complete seriousness as musical theatre and devoted themselves with arresting results to projecting the characters they portrayed. Neither of them was any match (at least when I heard them) for a dozen of their inferiors at the game of pouring forth golden tone, but they brought to operatic performance qualities lacking which it is commonly deprived of all conviction. Both were intensely musical; both conveyed thrilling artistic insight; both demonstrated faithful respect for a composer's intention to create, not music merely, or fine tunes, but human drama.

These thoughts have been occasioned by the opportunities offered during the 1956-1957 Metropolitan Opera season to hear, watch, and compare three famous sopranos: Maria Meneghini Callas, Zinka Milanov, and Renata Tebaldi. They have been sharpened more recently by some twelve hours of careful listening, score in hand ("an education," as we say), to three recordings of "Il Trovatore" in which the same sopranos sing the Leonoras. An unexampled spate of sheer nonsense having been spoken and written of these three prima donnas, it seems to me essential for the sanity and soundness of opera, an art I love, that we understand what it is that each of them does, to praise or damn for the right reasons. Although I personally consider one of them an operatic performer who is a peer of Garden and Chaliapin, I am convinced that each Metropolitan season and each record collection should provide a home for not three, but a dozen (could they be found) singers as remarkable in varying ways as these.

Let us look at the "Trovatore" records, with emphasis on the Leonoras.

The RCA-Victor version (LM 6008), though twice labeled "Complete," is riddled with cuts; I count six of them, one—right after the "Miserere" ensemble—running to sixteen pages. [By my stopwatch the Victor (Milanov) recording runs 1 hour, 54 minutes, 16 seconds; the London (Tebaldi) 2 hours, 5 minutes, 4 seconds; the Angel (Callas) 2 hours, 5 minutes, 32 seconds—and this despite the fact that they occupy, respectively, four, six, and five twelve-inch LP record sides. The London and Angel versions both respect (why?) a few small so-called "standard" cuts; none of the recordings includes the attractive ballet music for Act III which Verdi composed for Paris.]

NOW, I am almost as willing as the Milanov devotees to check my sense of drama with my coat and hat in order to enjoy Mme Milanov at her most vocally ravishing, though she seems to me to have nothing to contribute to opera as drama. For, as her handsomely sung recorded Leonora again proves, Mme Milanov cannot or will not use her remarkable voice as an instrument of characterization. She displays a rudimentary conception of human nature and, on the stage, little of appropriate action for representing it. She remains Zinka Milanov, soprano, a woman of warmth and charm who rarely enters

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the mind and body of Leonora (or Aïda or Amelia or Elvira). Her comically inept gestures and her vocal and physical abstention from the dramatic situation make a shambles of theatrical credibility.

Mme Milanov's limitations, plainly evident in the "Trovatore" recording, rob opera of precious vitality. In this performance she was not keyed up by the routine conducting of Renato Cellini, but was supported by highly capable companions: Leonard Warren as Count di Luna, Fedora Barbieri (less explosive than when heard here this season) as Azucena, Jussi Bjoerling as one of the best of Manricos, and Nicola Moscona as Ferrando. Milanov spins out several of those all but incredible high pianissimos which are hers alone to spin—wonderful in themselves, but irrelevant to Leonora's dilemmas or the drama of "Il Trovatore." When soaring aloft, also, Milanov more than once simply vocalizes, dropping the impeding text-words altogether!

In the London recording (XLLA-50) of an opera so starred with trills that they provide its trademark as a singers' opera and give it a texture wholly different from that of, say, "La Traviata," Renata Tebaldi is miscast. In rapid passagework, she (like too many of the other singers in all three of these recordings) baldly omits the trills, substituting an introductory turn or mordent followed by a one-tone vibrato (like Mme Milanov, too, she sometimes vocalizes wordlessly). At the end of "D'amor sull'ali rosee," however, the pace being slow, she proves that she can trill beautifully. But this possessor of a sumptuous large voice, physical beauty, and as womanly a personality as anyone could ask for, is not a singing actress subtle or intense enough to create a vibrant Leonora in despite of limitations of vocal agility.

WHAT would one not give to hear Mme Tebaldi as Rachel in "La Juive" or the title role of "La Gioconda" or, better still, in the Verdi Requiem, her thrilling tones and shadowless personality changed into assets? We have heard her attempt Violetta, having to transpose some of it down, struggling uncomfortably and unsuccessfully to achieve the glittering abandon of "Sempre libera." Her recorded Leonora is tonally sumptuous, but at the expense of the vocal line that Verdi composed, which she again and again mars by uncalled-for sforzatos, momentary failures to hold in check her taste for fortissimo, particularly near the top of any rising melodic line. The recorded performance as a whole is left slack by the conducting of Alberto Erede, but it has, in Giulietta Simionato, the best-acted and best-sung Azucena I have heard on records. Ugo Savarese's Count di Luna remains commonplace; Mario del Monaco's Manrico could have been a perfect troubadour if he displayed more intelligent vocal manners; Giorgio Tozzi's Ferrando is good.

Herbert von Karajan—who respects Verdi as he respects Mozart or Beethoven—conducts the Angel recording of "Il Trovatore" (3554-5s) so aptly as to make it, in my view, not only the most vivid recording of this opera, but also one of the most dramatic of all recorded operas. Its Count di Luna, Rolando Panerai, delivers a superbly sung characterization; Giuseppe di Stefano, in excellent voice, is an appealing Manrico; Nicola Zaccaria provides a startlingly well-sung Ferrando. Fedora Barbieri, her voice showing signs of strain, does not, as Azucena, equal her earlier performance in the RCA-Victor recording; at moments she seems to bark rather than to sing, and, as if to compensate, she *over*-acts embarrassingly. With Karajan, the real glory of this recording is Maria Meneghini Callas.

Callas's voice, of phenomenal agility, is as luscious as could be desired in its middle and lower registers, but sometimes thins out to stridency or widens to hollowness at the top. Quite simply, Callas marshals every means at her command, of which singing is merely the most important, to summon up a human being under stress, never hesitating to sacrifice sensuousness for sense. This is precisely what Garden and Chaliapin did. Those who appear to hate Mme Callas (the verb is not too drastic to describe the tone of some comments printed and heard) unknowingly apply to her phrases used decades ago of Garden. Rightly—for as Garden was, so Callas will always be anathema to those who believe a constantly round, unruffled tone more desirable than a characteristic tone, no matter what the dramatic juncture asks.

Callas, again like Garden, can perform miracles. She can make "Vissi d'arte" seem a natural expression of Tosca's thoughts and emotions, an improvisation in the immediate crisis, rather than what both Milanov and Tebaldi leave it: a somewhat fruity interval in the onrush of Puccini's gory second act. She can so fill out the vaguely composed character of Lucia di Lammermoor as to make the "Mad Scene" genuinely horrifying. In the recorded "Trovatore" she sings "D'amor sull'ali rosee" (all the notes, accurate trills included, with ease) as a convincing expression of Leonora's doomed, pathetic love. What Callas sings emanates from operatic understanding of the character created by librettist and composer. Her sense of musical line and phrasing is superb precisely because she remains involved in the action: hear her, for example, when "E deggio è posso crederol" merges into "E questo un sogno."

IN VIEW of Callas's astonishing, possibly unique, abilities as a singing actress (by means of which, were she so minded, she could rescue the French repertoire from half-life), the sort of criticism to which she has been subjected in some quarters is fatuous and irresponsible. Unless we want to abandon as pretense the assumption that opera can be as dramatically moving as composers from Monteverdi to Stravinsky have believed, Callas's presence on the opera stage is the most potent elixir for the health of this art which has been discovered for decades. Her publicity personality, the occurrence in one of her performances of some edgy, harsh, hollow, or unfocused tones—all this is interesting as gossip, but unimportant to opera. What matters is hearing a singer of dramatic genius restore to opera some of what Verdi wanted in a Lady Macbeth, of what Newman missed in Flagstad's opulently sung Wagnerian heroines, of what Mary Garden brought to Louise and Mélisande, Chaliapin to Mefistofele and Boris Godunov: singing as one element of acting, the unparalleled excitement latent in the theatrical projection of operatic protagonists wholly gripped by dramatic crises.

That Callas (again like Mary Garden) is controversial, rich newspaper copy, that she has "temperament," has been good fortune for box offices everywhere. Just possibly she may, by example and influence, help to restore to the operatic stage those very qualities in the characters and situations of a libretto which made a composer select it and compose music to project and heighten them. But even if no other singers will—or can—take the hints with which Callas is so lavish, let us at least stop chattering about golden tone and vocal honey. To provide that, in any case, we have with us Renata Tebaldi and, at her surpassing best, Zinka Milanov, among others. I hope that we have enough real love for opera to make the effort to hear, see, and value Callas through the miasma of nonsense which has been stirred up by her appearances here. I judge her to be the most accomplished soprano actress of our time. For the acceptance of that belief, the new recording of "Il Trovatore" happily supplies the most convincing of arguments: a great performance at once serious, accurate, and dazzling.

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Recordings Reports: Operatic LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Ah 'Perfido'": Weber: "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" ("Oberon"); Strauss: "Ah Du wolltest mich nicht den Mund küssen lassen, Jokanaan" ("Salome"). Inghe Borkh, soprano, with Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Josef Krips. London LL 1536, $3.98.	The Borkh voice sounds best in the "Salome" excerpt, less so in the Weber and least in the Beethoven concert aria (which, qualifies, otherwise, as "operatic"). It withstands the punishing tessitura and heavy orchestral competition with remarkable strength, if not the dramatic communication achieved by Welitsch or Goltz. For that matter, Krips is a moderate where Strauss's instrumentation is concerned, a kindness to the singer if not the music. The uneven vocalism of the Beethoven and Weber scenes defeats the composer's purpose in each instance.
Mozart: "Se vuol ballare," "Non piu andrai," "Tutto e disposto" ("Figaro"), etc. Verdi: "Or siam soli," "Il Santo nome," and Non imprecare" ("Forza del destino"). Cesare Siepi, bass, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano, and Mario del Monaco, tenor. London LL 1514, $3.98.	A sonorous collection of specialties from complete operas in which Siepi is prominent, with the whole of side two given over to the "Forza" material, in which Tebaldi also has a sizeable and satisfying part. Siepi's transformation from a somewhat stolid Padre Guardiano in "Forza" to the vital Figaro of these excerpts is a tribute to the art of the late Erich Kleiber, who conducted. Others involved are Josef Krips and Hilde Gueden, soprano, in "Don Giovanni" excerpts, Alberto Erede and Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. Uniformly good sound.
Pergolesi: "La Serva Padrona." Giuditta Mazzoleni, Marcello Cortis, and the Württemberg State Orchestra conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon ARC 3039, $5.98.	Despite the unlikely point of origin, there is a good deal of authentic Italian "settecento" spirit in this performance (one of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series), thanks to the sophisticated buffo singing of Cortis and the responsive effort of Mazzoleni. As good vocally as the previous issue on Angel, and carefully drawn to scale with the use of a small instrumental ensemble, cembalo and violoncello continuo. A puzzling omission, however, is the last ensemble in the Ricordi edition of the score.
Puccini: "Mi chiamano Mimi" and "Addio" ("Boheme"); Boito: "L'Altra notte" ("Mefistofele"); Verdi: "Salce salce," "Ave Maria" ("Otello"), and "Ernani, involami" ("Ernani"); Mascagni: "Voi lo sapete" ("Cavalleria") and Catalani: "Ebben? Ne andro lontana" ("La Wally"). Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with orchestra of the Rome Opera conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. RCA Victor LM 1920, $3.98.	While Tebaldi, Callas, and Milanov (see page 56) have been absorbing the attention of the New York, and American public this winter, los Angeles has reminded us, via such recordings as this, that she is a vocalist to rank with the best. In purity of sound and ease of manipulation she provides some Rethbergish reminders of other days in the "Otello" excerpts and the superb "Mefistofele" effort. Indeed, the high standard lapses only in the "Cavalleria" aria, which is rather demure for its content and "Nacqui all 'affano e al pianto" from Rossini's "Cenerentola," which lacks sufficient vocal power at the bottom of the voice. All the recording is good to hear, and new-name Morelli measures well to his responsibilities.
Rossini: "Barbiere di Siviglia" and five other overtures. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and RIAS Symphony Orchestras. Decca DL 9902, $3.98.	Fricsay spares nothing in energy in these performers but all the crispness and precision at his command cannot give the flavor of the instrumentation, the really riotous contrasts Rossini achieved in such works as the "Semiramide" and "Scala di Seta" overtures, the fantasy of "Il Signor Bruschino," "Italiana in Algeri," or "Gazza ladra." The terms of reference here are to Toscanini, Beecham or Serafin; in others, Fricsay's efforts are reasonably good. Big sound, not always well defined.
Smetana: "Prodaná Nevéstá." Dimitri Gebré conducting members of the Slovenian National Opera, Belgrade. Epic SC 6020, $7.96.	A good-humored but vocally uneven "Bartered Bride" from the source that has provided the bulk of London's "Russian" operatic literature. Dimitri Gebré doesn't provide the kind of leadership to make for outstanding results, nor is Latko Koroshetz a Kezal to match the present Kurt Böhme or others of the recent past. However, Yanez Lipushchek is a delightful singer as the stuttering Vasek, and Vílma Bukovetz a charming Marenka. More care in such episodes as the sextet would have improved the results. Reasonably good recording, though not what one expects of Epic.
Strauss, J.: "Fledermaus" suite; Strauss, Josef: "Music of the Spheres," "Sword and Lyre." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5166, $3.98.	Ormandy's own "arrangement" of a foursome of excerpts (plus the overture) is doubtless a fluffy by-product of his Metropolitan enterprise of a few years back (the "arrangement" consists largely of assigning the vocal parts to instruments, including the solo flute sumptuously played by William Kincaid). Full bodied performances, and recording to match, also of "A Thousand and One Nights" (from "Indigo") as well as the likeable waltzes of brother Josef.
Strauss, J.: "Nacht in Venedig" (excerpts). Ruthilde Boesch, Dorothea Siebert, Elisabeth Fahsl, Valerie Zörner, Rudolf Christ, Waldemar Kmentt, Kurt Preger, and Roman Hencl, with Rudolf Moralt conducting. Epic LC 3324, $3.98.	Typical Volksoper "querschnitt" (potpourri) of Strauss's spirited tunes, meaning that spirit and style take precedence over de luxe vocal qualities. All the singers are suitable enough, save that high notes most often seem a penance for pleasure, rather than an invitation to expression. The flavorsome score fares well under Moralt's knowing direction, and the reproduction is notable for finesse as well as clarity.
Verdi: "Otello" with Apollo Granforte, Nicola Fusati, and Maria Carbone, with Carlo Sabajno conducting La Scala Orchestra and Chorus. Camden CCL 101, $5.94.	Writing about this issue on 78 RPM in 1941 I noted: "Sabajno's beat, his fine energy and incisiveness are the dominating factors of this performance . . . there is a strong sense of Scala tradition in the ensemble, to which the chorus and orchestra contribute more than a little." There were rumours when the Scala issues were new (1933) that some of them were actually Toscanini conceptions carried out, for disks, by Sabajno—a theory which, in the light of his subsequent own "Otello," makes more than a little sense. In any case, this is a performance notable for the fine Iago of Granforte, the occasionally excellent singing of Carbone and Fusati's good intentions. A surprising amount of power has been mustered from the original wax recording, though sounds of wear are apparent. Originally priced at $17, its current quotation is decidedly attractive.
Wagner: "Prelude" and "Good Friday" music ("Parsifal"), "Prelude" ("Meistersinger"), and "Siegfried Idyll." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P 8368, $3.98.	Steinberg's repute as a Wagner conductor is even more evident in his flavorsome, flowing performances of the "Parsifal" excerpts and the "Siegfried Idyll" than it was in an earlier disk devoted to "Götterdämmerung" and "Tristan" material. The brass does not have the mellowness for best results in the "Meistersinger" overture but what can be done by an honest appraisal of the values in the music and a sensitive reaction to them is done well. Capitol's recording technic is not the kindest for Wagner.
Weber: "Freischütz" and five other overtures. Fritz Lehmann, Eugen Jochum and Ferdinand Leitner conducting. Decca DL 9906, $3.98.	Reissues from DG's variable period of postwar recording, with Jochum's fine "Oberon" better than Lehmann's "Freischütz" or "Preziosa." Side two offers Leitner directing routine performances of "Euryanthe," "Jubel" and "Peter Schmoll" overtures. The Berlin Philharmonic in full cry in the "Oberon" overture is worth hearing, but the miscellany is otherwise too miscellaneous. —I. K.

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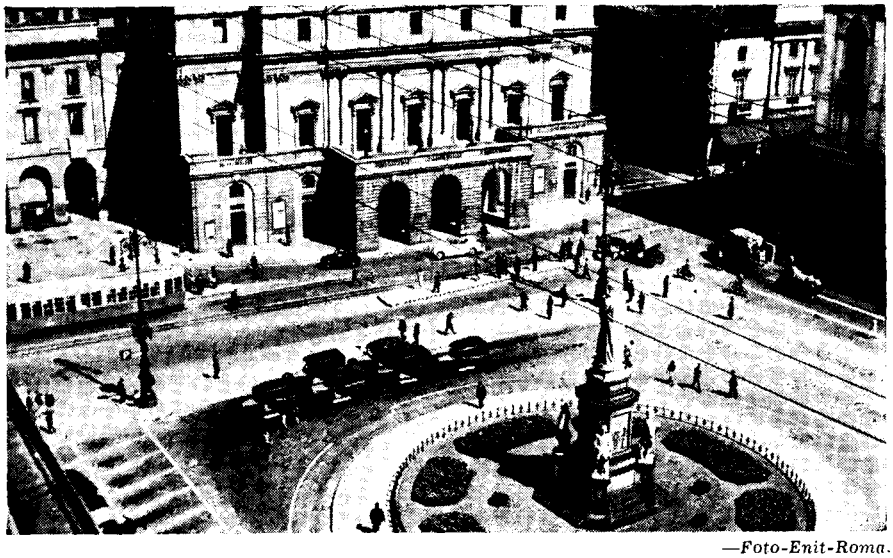

—Foto-Enit-Roma.

Teatro della Scala, in Milan.

OPERA ON THE ITALIAN PLAN

By WILLIAM WEAVER

ROME.

IN THE past few years readers of Italian picture magazines have become familiar, not to say bored, with a certain kind of photograph that constantly reappears on those glossy pages: an Italian opera singer is shown boarding an airplane, her hand waving goodbye to Milan or Rome; or the singer is depicted arriving in New York, showing her Aida costume to a customs officer; or the singer is leaving London, or Berlin, or Vienna, her arms clasping a colossal floral tribute. These recurring images indicate not only that singers over here are as popular as, say, baseball players in the United States; the photos also prove that Italian opera singers are world travelers.

The remarkable thing about the debut of Maria Meneghini Callas at the Met last fall was that it had taken so long; she had become famous first, then arrived at the Met. Usually it works the other way round, and Callas came to 39th Street after most of the other Italian singers of her generation, of whom Tebaldi is only the most noted example. With Antonietta Stella, their younger rival, Tebaldi and Callas are now as active in America as in Italy.

So one is tempted to ask: what is the difference between Italian opera at the Met and Italian opera at one of the major Italian houses? Why should American opera fans trouble to make a pilgrimage to Milan or Naples or Rome, when they can hear the same singers, often in the same roles, at home?

The answer is that there are many more differences than similarities. In some ways, a Met performance is likely to be superior to an Italian one, even at La Scala. But at the same time, anybody's first experience of opera at La Scala is bound to be memorable for purely sentimental reasons, and it can often be unforgettable for musical ones.

The most obvious difference between the Met and the Italian theatres is the repertory. True, the Bing regime has been brave about new productions and can count among its credits an important American premiere ("The Rake's Progress") and a number of significant revivals, like "Ernani," "Arabella," "Cosi," and "La Perichole." Still the staple fare in New York remains "Carmen," "Aida," "Boheme," and the other sure-fire masterpieces. In Italy, "Carmen" is relatively rare, and several seasons can go by in one of the major Italian opera houses without an "Aida" or a "Butterfly." at the same time, an Italian theatre performs between twenty and thirty different works in a season. Some of them, of course, are standard, but the aim is always to offer a balanced and varied musical diet. Verdi is often represented not by "Traviata" or "Trovatore," but—as in Rome this winter—by "Simon Boccanegra" or by "Falstaff," offered this year at the San Carlo and La Scala. And even in the more limited choice of Puccini's works, managements seek as much diversity as possible. Florence last year presented "Il Trittico" all together in one evening—and a very interesting evening it was. "La Fanciulla del West" is regularly done (Milan last year; Rome and Naples this year), and in Siena a year or so ago they even staged "Le Villi."

The variety in the Italian repertory here is matched by the wide range of the non-Italian operas given. German companies visit the major theatres regularly to perform Wagner, Weber Strauss, "Fidelio," and "Zauberflöte"; a French company was imported to Florence a month ago for "Pelleas"; and of course, the American touring company of "Porgy and Bess" brought Catfish Row to the gilded stages of La Scala and the San Carlo with the same triumph that it enjoyed throughout Europe. When visiting companies do not come, then foreign works are done in translation: "The Bartered Bride" was done in Naples for the first time last month; "Manon" is being done in Italian in Rome (with de los Angeles); and "Louise" becomes "Luisa" at La Scala in May.

If diversity of program is the major difference between the Met and the Italian theatres, it is also the difference that lies most in Italy's favor. The question of *quality* arises at once; and the chauvinistic American operagoer may rightfully say: it's all well and good to mount these rare operas, but how are they done? In other words, is an excellent "Boheme" more enjoyable than a second-rate "Cardillac"? There is no simple answer. To the amateur who has never seen the work, even a fifth-rate "Wozzeck" is worth seeing. But the fact remains that in Italy, the quality of production varies enormously from one opera to the next. Thus, even at La Scala, one may see in the course of a couple of seasons productions as close to perfection as "La Sonnambula" and "La Traviata" with Callas singing, Luchino Visconti staging in beautiful sets (the first by Piero Tosi, a brilliant discovery, and the second by Paris's Lila de Nobili). Then a few weeks later one may encounter something tacky like the ballet "Lumawig e la saetta," with fifth-rate music by Adriano Lualdi (head of the Florence conservatory), and with sets by Nicola Benois that would perhaps have been acceptable in 1925.

To be sure, there are bad nights at the Met, and some of the Met's productions are ugly and unimaginatively staged: but for night in, night out performance, one's guess is that the Met's general level is higher, that it would never permit something as ghastly as "Lumawig" or as some of the contemporary Italian operas (mostly by Conservatory heads) which are staged, by law, every season here. Nevertheless, when an Italian production rises to the occasion, it is just about unbeatable. In every season there is something

(*Continued on page* 64)

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BOITO'S, AND CHRISTOFF'S, "MEFISTOFELE"

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

ARRIGO BOITO, for all his inequalities as craftsman, remains one of the most arresting figures in the history of opera. A skilled poet, capable of turning out the magnificent libretti for Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff," he was also responsible for the effective but more than occasionally fustian text for Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." An instinctive rather than methodical composer, he created the superbly stirring prologue to "Mefistofele," along with several pages in it and "Nerone" of lesser value.

Written in a spirit of revolt against the conventional Italian operatic output of the 1860s, "Mefistofele" seems today a curiously old-fashioned work, missing the patina of traditional repertoire and not quite achieving the dramatic thrust or melodic trajectory of Wagner or the later Verdi. Nevertheless, it has wonderfully inventive pages, scenes memorable for their poetic power; in first-class performance they can fire listening interest.

Of the three most celebrated vocal settings of the "Faust" legend, that of Boito comes nearest the spirit of Goethe dramatically in that Faust is saved and not damned, as in the versions by Berlioz and Gounod, and that the scene of the Classical Sabbath, with its meaningful contrast between golden antiquity (Helen of Troy) and the memory of the Middle Ages (Margherita), has been preserved. Emotionally, Berlioz stands closer to the feeling of the original text, with all the Gothic grimness of Goethe's Part I coming through in his highly unified score; but the treatment by Boito is not to be set aside.

Here Faust yields ground, of course, to Mefistofele as the central figure. Since Boito's approach is often intellectual rather than spontaneous, the Devil not surprisingly ends up with few salient melodies. It was not just a passing whim that led Berlioz, in his "Damnation of Faust," to insert the beautiful lullaby, "Voici des Roses," for Méphisto as a welcome foil to the rest of his sneering, mercurial music. Even Gounod had Satan, in a sustained cantilena, bless the flowers of evil in the garden scene of "Faust." In Boito, the Devil sounds a bit vehement and one-sided. The character of Faust must also contend with certain pedestrian pages.

The more's the pity that in the generally excellent new recording by RCA Victor, the scene of the Classical Sabbath has been omitted. In an explanatory booklet which accompanies the album, Vittorio Gui—the conductor—admits to having deleted the scene because, in his opinion, it does not measure up to the rest of "Mefistofele." This is a procedure which, if taken as precedent, might lead the way to strange loppings by other conductors in all branches of the repertoire, both operatic and symphonic.

There are, moreover, further omissions not mentioned by Maestro Gui in the album-liner. The wonderful opening of the Kermesse, with its rousing peal of bells and swirling chorus, has been sliced; the sinister music marking the appearance of the grey friar (Mefistofele in disguise) has been erased; the student Wagner's chattering—and fascinating—remarks about the non-existence of the grey friar have also come out; the atmospheric linking of the Kermesse to the episode in Faust's study has been struck; likewise the brilliant, strutting duet between Faust and Satan once their compact has been made.

THESE omissions are the album's one serious defect. The musical rendition itself is a solid one, with distinguished conducting by Maestro Gui. Those recalling the unique performance by Arturo Toscanini of the prologue to "Mefistofele" will miss the urgency and superhuman strength of that great experience; but Gui brings his own detached and interestingly objective approach to the score. Boris Christoff, as Mefistofele, sings unevenly, his best work highlighted by fine coloristic achievement and his less happy moments by vocal exaggeration. Giacinto Prandelli, the Faust, is uniformly good, musically and poetically, save for one or two topmost tones; Orietta Moscucci, the Margherita, sounds youthful and appealing in the garden scene. The skilled orchestra and chorus are those of the Rome Opera House.

The unsung hero of this new release is the recording engineer. Much of the acoustical effect of "Mefistofele" depends upon the alternation of full orchestra with organ, distant brass choirs, or invisible chorus. The work teems with spatial effects that rarely come off in the theatre. They are all present in the recording, to Boito's greater glory.

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TOSCANINI'S "AIDA"

The First Is the Last

A VERITABLE Toscanini version of Verdi's "Aida" would, of course, be a precious thing, for all its associations with the great career now at an end. For these as well as other reasons RCA Victor LM 6132, $11.94, containing the first opera conducted by the late Maestro and the last to be issued on discs, commands close attention. It derives from the performances of March 26 and April 2, 1949, produced in NBC's dull studio 8H for distribution both on radio and TV. Richard Tucker was the Radames, with Herva Nelli as Aida, Giuseppe Valdengo sang Amonasro, and Eva Gustafson Amneris.

All these circumstances (especially the place of performance) have a part in an end product which is relentlessly interesting, sometimes exciting, and frequently frustrating. The RCA technicians have too often proven their competence to leave any doubt that the task of making a suitable sound of the material with which they had to work was beyond human skill. All the known tricks for filtering bad areas, for "enhancing," for building up resonance with echo chambers have, I am sure, been utilized. It is an improvement, certainly, on the off-the-air sound as recorded at the time. But the net is a mechanical synthesis, in which voices are too often floating in artificial space, for real judgment of individual capacity, and the well-meant "enhancement" leaves one in doubt as to which dynamics are Toscanini's, which the engineers'.

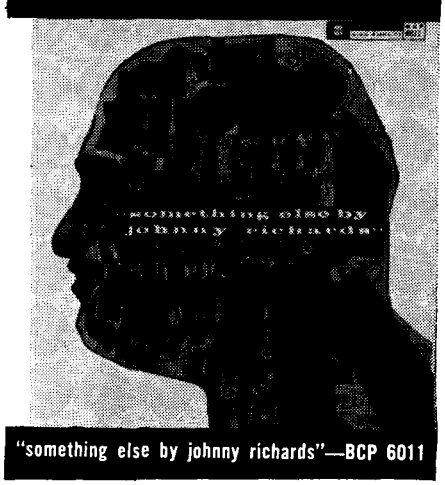
There are, in the Wordsworth phrase, "Intimations of Immortality" in this recording—but only intimations. Various sources have, I suspect, been called upon to make the best synthesis from rehearsal tapes as well as performances, especially where the Amneris of Eva Gustafson is concerned. The present result is unsteady in sound and small in scope, even with some wrong notes (that bane of Toscanini's existence), and a variety of places where she is submerged in the ensemble or simply does not sing, as in the phrase "in poter nostro" on page 151 of the vocal score. The fine sound of Tucker's voice in the lyric passages, the vibrant Amonasro of Valdengo, and the occasionally excelling Aida of Miss Nelli come closest to matching the demands of the inexorable Maestro, but only intermittently.

The demands, however, are what make the issue what it is—an absorbing effort to achieve Verdian justice, perceived through a mist of human frailty and electronic injustice. I lost count, after the first hundred or so, of the instances in which Toscanini's exposition of instrumental detail lent not only meaning but purpose to a hitherto "conventional" page of Verdi's score. As an instance, the bass line in the first scene, the pizzicati behind "Celeste Aida," the equal attention to top, bottom, *and* middle which gives the "Triumphal Scene" a new dignity and meaning as he conveys it.

More often than not, however, this is perceived in spite of the sound rather than because of it. I can't imagine that this will be everybody's favorite "Aida" for listening pleasure, but it is in many ways a great dissertation by Arturo Toscanini on the subject: Verdi's "Aida." It is a model and handbook of the procedures by which a great operatic performance may be achieved. That is to say, by equal attention to every effort (from the messenger to the King) under a conductor with a searching knowledge of the score and an unremitting ambition to do it justice. Nobody could listen to this performance without having an increased esteem for the genius of Verdi—a self-sufficient compliment—but almost anybody can hear that it only qualifies narrowly for the exclusive circle of Toscanini-approved discs.

Renewed exposure to the whole experience brings up, again, the much discussed ending of "Celeste Aida," universally sung full voice by tenors, though Verdi's published instructions direct that the final B flat be sung *morendo* (dying away). Here Tucker, with Toscanini's approval, shows how a tenor can eat his musical cake (for applause) and have it too (for refinement) by singing the B flat full voice, then dropping an octave for a pianissimo repetition of the words "vicino al sol." Supposedly there is a Verdian precedent (which he did not like) for this deviation. In any case, the arch enemy of "tradition" is thus charged with underwriting a new "tradition" at variance with the composer's own testament—the score. It is a sad but ironic commentary that an irrational art, opera, reduces the most rational of men to its own terms.

—I. K.



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RUDOLF BING'S SEVENTH-INNING STRETCH

By IRVING KOLODIN

HAVING spent most of each year since 1949 on our soil, Rudolf Bing should be sufficiently attuned to our American ways of life not to flinch at the suggestion that his nine contracted years of service at the Metropolitan parallel a regulation baseball game. By such a measurement, the one now ending is the seventh, invoking two traditions—the "stretch," for body bracing, and "luck," for a successful outcome. How much of a stretch it has been is related to the presence first of Maria Callas, recently of Renata Tebaldi, and all the while of Zinka Milanov. To complete such a project with no more calamity than the "thumb" for one baritone (Enzo Sordello) means that a director has to be lucky—no one man can be all that clever.

Actually, this is the season that was not to be, the one that was officially cancelled last July because of a dispute on ground rules with AGMA. Only in America could such artistic matters center around the services of the son (Robert Herman) of a former distinguished member of the "diamond" trade. He, I am sure, could carry the parallels between the Metropolitan and a successful baseball team much further. Both need depth as well as firstline strength, people of versatile as well as special talents, a strong "bench" to back the starters. As for utility talent, the parallels are quite precise—the two- or three-way players (singers who can perform in several languages), switch-hitters (conductors) who can adapt themselves to the changing needs of repertory, etc.

To a degree these needs exist in every opera theatre of consequence, but they exist to a particular degree at the Metropolitan, for reasons of geography, local culture, and length of season. Because of location, emergency replacements cannot be summoned from nearby centers as in Europe or Great Britain. Because opera is given mostly in Italian, secondly in English and German (not simultaneously, though some might contend so), and occasionally in French, secondary artists to "cover" the principals must be maintained in a wide range of parts. Finally, the subscription system—this year's twenty-four week sequence was the longest since pre-Depression days—demands variety and equality of emphasis from start to finish.

All of this has been true of opera at the Metropolitan for decades, of course, but the problem is always new to the man who comes to it for the first time. To plan a season of opera with a few highspots and some degree of consistent quality is not too difficult. Rudolf Bing did it pretty well as far back as 1950-51, producing a fine "Don Carlo" as his very first effort (that the second was the dour "Fliegende Holländer may be noted *sotto voce*) and a merry "Fledermaus" later on, while upgrading several repertory works by more rehearsal for new people and old.

But to evolve a pattern in which (to some degree) one season is complementary to the next, new singers of ability are brought to replace fading favorites, young people are integrated into the company without being

BING BALANCE SHEET FOR SEVEN SEASONS (NEW PRODUCTIONS)

Opera	Composer	Designer	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	Total
"Don Carlo"	Verdi	Gerard	15	4	4		5		5	33
"Dutchman"	Wagner	Elson (R. E. Jones)	8							8
"Fledermaus"	J. Strauss	Gerard	31	9	4	5	3	6		58
"Cav.", "Pag."	Mas. Leon.	Armistead	13	11	8	4	11		5	52
"Aida"	Verdi	Gerard		27	13	9	8	13	7	77
"Cosi"	Mozart	Gerard		9	9	5		6		29
"Gianni Schicci"	Puccini	Armistead		8						8
"Rigoletto"	Verdi	Berman		18	20	12		20	9	79
"Carmen"	Bizet	Gerard		23	18	11	12	11	14	89
"Forza del Destino"	Verdi	Berman			13	10		7		30
"La Boheme"	Puccini	Gerard			14	19	10	9	20	72
"Rake's Progress"	Stravinsky	Armistead			6	2				8
"Faust"	Gounod	Gerard				20	17	8		45
"Barber of Seville"	Rossini	Berman				14	14			28
"Tannhäuser"	Wagner	Gerard				9	4			13
"Andrea Chenier"	Giordano	Fox					18	6		24
"Vittorio" (b)	Verdi	E. Frances					6			
"Arabella"	R. Strauss	Gerard					7		4	11
"Contes d'Hoffmann"	Offenbach	Gerard						16	6	22
"Soirée" (b)	Rossini	Beaton						9		9
"Don Pasquale"	Donizetti	W. Roth						11	6	17
"Magic Flute"	Mozart	Horner						8	5	13
"Ernani"	Verdi	E. Frances							8	8
"La Perichole"	Offenbach	Gerard							21	21
"Traviata"	Verdi	O. Smith							21	21
TOTAL PERFORMANCES NEW YORK AND TOUR			67	89	109	120	115	122	131	

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pushed, or retarded, wornout settings are replaced by usable new ones, a sufficient proportion of "box office" operas are rotated to keep them "box office" while some esoteric areas are explored to interest those not in the market for "Rigoletto" or "Boheme"—that takes time, on-the-job training, the making of wrong decisions as well as right ones.

The wrong decisions are a multiple risk when the company policy is one of action rather than inaction. Anyone moderately acquainted with the Metropolitan's warehouse when Rudolf Bing took his first look at it knows that, if not exactly the equivalent of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, what was there scarcely stirred enthusiasm. Save for "Lucia," "Trovatore," and "Traviata" (the last dating from fifteen years before) no new settings for standard Italian or French operas had been constructed in years. Such indispensables as "Carmen," "Faust," "Il Barbiere," "Rigoletto," etc. were virtually transparent from use. There was a variable collection of settings for the "Ring," otherwise the Germanic situation was worse, only, than the Italian or French. This was a consequence of the inaction (largely speaking) that accompanied the war period, when the aspiration to "break even" (which rarely happened) was an impelling factor in what was spent, or not spent, on keeping the stage in order.

As the adjacent table demonstrates, the action policy of the Bing management—starting from scratch—has now made possible a sequence of seasons in which more than half the operas are recent "new" productions, and a gratifying proportion of others have been substantially overhauled. Durability varies according to use, of course: but when "Don Carlo" played to a series of full houses in its recent restoration, there were those who spontaneously applauded its brilliant Gerard settings (suggesting they were seeing them for the first time, after seven years).

SOME projects were better conceived than others; some scenic artists were miscast; and some good men did not master the problems of the Metropolitan stage at the first try. But a theatre with a Berman "Rigoletto," "Forza," and "Barbiere," a Fox "Chenier," a Roth "Don Pasquale," and half-a-dozen fine efforts by Gerard ("Carlo," "Cosi," "Arabella," "Perichole," "Boheme," and "Fledermaus" are my favorites) need not be ashamed of its place in the theatrical world.

As has been said before but can't be repeated too often, the benefits of the "new production" are not merely visual. It also provides the opportunity for the score to be reconsidered, for a "Carmen," "Traviata," or "Boheme" to be put through the rehearsal wringer from start to finish. Sometimes, as in the case of this year's "Traviata," the wringer, like the mills of the gods, grinds, oh, so slowly, but at least the opportunity was provided. With "Ernani," nobody seemed to know quite what had happened to the score before it got to the wringer. On the other hand, Offenbach's "Perichole"—which meant nothing to the public, the press, or probably even to the artists involved—experienced a joyous rebirth.

Along with the "action policy" on the theatrical side, Bing and associates have been pretty thoroughgoing in providing the best singers from all over the world, including Americans regardless of color. There is a pool of such talent identified with European festivals (Leopold Simoneau, Nan Merriman, Anna Moffo, Teresa Stich-Randall are a few) yet to be tapped, but it is hard to think of any other outstanding native talent denied an opportunity. Writing here on the subject in 1952, one could say, "There remain more than a few European singers of quality one would like to hear at the Metropolitan—Renata Tebaldi, Sena Jurinac, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, Erich Kunz, Ludwig Weber, Martha Mödl, Maria Callas are widely celebrated names that come to mind." With Jurinac announced for next season (along with Nicolai Gedda, then unknown) only Schwarzkopf and Weber have been denied us—and who is to say that the fine Lisa della Casa or Kurt Böhme have not given as much, in comparable parts?

Actually, for reasons having to do with recordings and exclusive contracts, it is now in the Metropolitan's interest to seek out talent before it has become world recognized. Daniel Barioni is one who promises to justify the policy, if Mario Ortica is not. Let us hope that when the next resume is undertaken the name of Boris Christoff will lead all the rest, as it would have since 1950 had he been able to get a visa at that time. Such other superior singers as Birgit Nilsson, Gottlob Frick, Luigi Alva, Rolando Panerai, Gré Brouwenstein, Rita Streich, and Aase Nordmo-Lövborg should be considered in due course. Giulietta Simionatto is another who could be used, but the Italian mezzo didn't appear when contracted to do so.

There is a considerable, and justified, opinion that the Metropolitan pendulum has swung back to the point where more could be done, for total benefit, at the conductor's desk than on stage. A decade or so ago it was all toward the availability of such men as Walter, Beecham, Szell, Busch, Reiner, and the continuing Stiedry. The replacements for these are absent, and when the promising Rudolf Kempe was engaged, he fell victim to illness. But this does not explain some phases of the problem. I should like to see Max Rudolf decide on a career either as an executive, in charge of casting, or as a performer, on the conducting staff. The two jobs have been combined before, but not with real success. Ambiguity is never desirable where responsibility is concerned, especially when it results in a mismatch of Rudolf and "Trovatore," in which judgment both on casting and conducting come into doubt. I should like to see more work for Erich Leinsdorf if he wants it, and for Jean Morel, whether he wants it or not. But, right now, no more than necessary for Thomas Schippers. The whole subject of Mitropoulos's present activity invites discussion, which may be reduced, for present purposes, to the observation that he brings vigor and enthusiasm to his work—though both are sometimes misapplied. Fausto Cleva's place should be secondary, in the Italian repertory, to a man of greater authority and stature (La Scala would like one of that description too).

TAKING in the prospect of Barber's "Vanessa," Tchaikovsky's "Onegin," and a new "Don Giovanni" (which will add Karl Böhm to the conducting staff), it is a fair statement that Bing's "action policy" has proven a productive one for the Metropolitan in this decade of the Fifties. Some performances have been tired, some loosely directed, others indifferently sung. It is easy to blame the management for the poor ones, and praise the performers for the good ones. On balance I would say there have been more interesting, well-balanced performances this season than in a dozen years at least. The audience now makes noises during the acts that they formerly saved till the end, solo "bows" being forbidden. Who is to say which is the lesser evil? The conductor don't always conduct, the singers sing, to everybody's satisfaction simultaneously. There is much room for improvement. There always is. But if the Metropolitan moves into a new home in the 1960s and there is an interested audience (the larger supply of this season found a larger demand than in twenty-five years) eager to follow it and enjoy the Age of Air-Conditioned Opera, Bing's "Stretch" season will have carried his "action policy" a long step toward the goal.

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Italian Plan

Continued from page 59

that constitutes a genuine musical experience, where each artist seems to surpass himself. The Callas "Traviata" is only an example—for this writer, the supreme example—and one can recall the splendid production of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco" at the San Carlo a few years ago, or the Karajan "Don Giovanni," or last year's "Cosi fan tutte" at the Piccola Scala, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, Sesto Bruscantini, and Luigi Alva, conducted by Guido Cantelli and set by Eugene Berman.

But, as one has said, these are exceptions; and there is also a reverse of this picture. Opera house managers tend to arrange a few "all-star" casts, a Tebaldi-Del Monaco "Otello," or a Callas-Di Stefano "Lucia," with the burden of the season entrusted to lesser artists and, more disastrously, to inferior conductors, of whom Italy has an abundant supply. Callas has made enemies by refusing to sing under certain conductors; and one can see her point, especially if one heard Tebaldi's "Tosca" in Rome last year, where a good performance was spoiled by flabby work in the pit.

The system for scheduling operas during the season is also quite different in Italy; a tourist coming to New York can, in a week of opera-going, form a fairly thorough idea of the Met's season. If he is unlucky, the tourist in Rome might find that in a week he is offered three performances of "Lohengrin" in Italian plus a "ballet night" (always to be avoided in Italian houses). For in Italian theatres an opera is rarely performed more than three or four times in a season, and usually all these performances are scheduled to take place in the space of a week or ten days. This enables all the major theatres to engage the same singers, who shuttle back and forth between the San Carlo and La Scala, with stopovers in Rome and occasional flying visits to Venice and Palermo. It is not impossible to hear the same singer in three different cities in three different operas in the space of a month. This can be wearing for the singer (and occasionally for the singing), but it is generally rewarding for the opera enthusiast who wants to hear a number of singers in the course of the year.

But when it comes to variety of singers, again the advantage may be with New York. It is true that the best Italian singers visit the Met, but unfortunately it doesn't work both ways. With the exception of some young singers trained in Italy, like Fulbrighters Gianna D'Angelo and Anna Moffo, most American singers are known in Italy only on records. Leonard Warren's "Rigoletto" was coolly received at La Scala a few years ago; Eleanor Steber's "Minnie at the Florence *maggio musicale* of 1954 was thrillingly lovely, but did not lead to further Italian invitations. When Rise Stevens came to La Scala to sing, it was—oddly enough—in an ungrateful role in a new and unsuccessful opera, and Miss Stevens did not make much of an impression. Younger Americans like Roberta Peters and Robert Merrill are unheard of here, and even such famous stars as Zinka Milanov, Jan Peerce, and Richard Tucker are mere names to most Italian fans, even though these singers may have performed here once or twice.

Another difference, and a strange one, between opera in America and opera in Italy is that the *same* singer can sing one way at the Met and a different way back home. The first example that comes to my mind is Mario Del Monaco, whom I have heard various times in both countries. There is no question that at the Met, whether through better backstage discipline or intimidation at being abroad, Del Monaco sings with more restraint and acts with some reference to the story he is interpreting. He is never what one would call a sensitive artist, but in Italy—where he feels freer and where, I suspect, directors and conductors have less sway over him—he tends simply to let loose, and his singing is marred by excessive sobbing, notes held beyond their value, and just plain loudness.

None of the differences mentioned, however, should discourage the American opera-lover from planning an Italian visit. There is something exciting about all singing in Italy, even if it is too loud or isn't exactly good; there is something exciting about hearing an opera in the country where it was written and where its language is also the language of the people who are sitting around you in the theatre. A good Italian "Barbiere di Siviglia" or "Don Pasquale" in unmatchable because the singers feel the humor of the words they are singing, and—after more than a century—audiences still laugh, and laugh heartily. At the same time, even the sophisticated *Milanesi* are moved by the plight of Gilda or of Violetta, and part of the public's emotion is transmitted back to the stage, where the singers feel the public's affectionate attention and give their best. And their best—whether they are in Italy or in New York—is, more often than not, well worth hearing.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Fish chowder which Thackeray wrote a poem about.	28 9 174 199 90 100 16 72 18 12 171 / 129 109
B. A text or record engraved on a monument.	5 111 66 149 144 41 19 196
C. Something to be relied on, or quickly available for use (comp.).	37 191 107 10 82 146 74
D. Female attendant in a public resort who dispenses hospitality.	4 52 96 59 93 50 156
E. Where who wasn't (2 wds.).	193 62 200 148 179 141 163
F. Share of the employing classes in distribution of products of industry, as distinct from wages.	54 176 131 25 120 168 3
G. One thing that's played on a bowling alley.	106 101 76 187 167 35 134
H. Boon companion of Commodore Trunnion (Smollett's "Adventures of Peregrine Pickle").	128 116 33 165 51 1 118 14
I. Silken pouch in which some spiders carry their progeny (2 wds.).	185 64 69 102 38 26
J. Pulled back something which has been extended (2 wds.).	40 147 155 45 164 86
K. Considered apart from any application to a particular object.	65 99 55 78 42 180 22 159
L. Plaster of Paris prepared for use in painting (variant).	122 47 89 32 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Somebody not intellectual (comp.).	198 197 157 29 110 140 169
N. Alluring.	183 181 108 158 162 91 85 7
O. Unassumed.	81 21 142 153 58 98 67
P. Dear.	11 152 117 121 30 145
Q. Belonging to the examination (3 wds.).	34 124 114 46 87 71 77 154 130
R. Practically universal cosmetic, recommended for use as a sort of crayon pencil in First Aid.	20 113 133 166 97 68 192 56
S. Account.	104 170 94 175 2 13 126 132 44
T. Cause to pass pleasantly (2 wds.).	115 160 177 49 31 161 15 103 95
U. Brought to pass.	73 119 151 57 48 92 36 105
V. Malicious waste or destruction of an employer's property.	186 172 83 75 138 135 127 201
W. One who survived of the group of brilliant young English poets, World War I.	60 61 79 112 143 53 39
X. Favorite angling place of Izaak Walton, Hertfordshire.	125 123 182 137 195 17 63 27 190
Y. Tennessee county whose seat is Livingston.	24 184 178 188 8 84 136
Z. Residential suburb of London on the Thames; home of Catherine of Aragon, Pope, Tennyson, etc.	88 139 189 173 150 23 6 70 80 194

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 H	2 S	3 F	4 D	5 B	6 Z	7 N	8 Y	9 A	10 C		11 P	12 A	13 S	14 H
	15 T	16 A	17 X		18 A		19 B	20 R	21 O	22 K	23 Z		24 Y	25 F		26 I	27 X
28 A	29 M	30 P	31 T	32 L	33 H	34 Q	35 G	36 U	37 C		38 I	39 W	40 J		41 B	42 K	43 L
44 S		45 J	46 Q	47 L	48 U	49 T	50 D		51 H	52 D	53 W	54 F		55 K	56 R	57 U	58 O
59 D	60 W		61 W	62 E	63 X		64 I	65 K	66 B		67 O	68 R	69 I	70 Z	71 Q		72 A
73 U	74 C	75 V	76 G	77 Q	78 K	79 W		80 Z	81 O	82 C		83 V	84 Y	85 N	86 J	87 Q	88 Z
89 L		90 A	91 N	92 U	93 D	94 S	95 T		96 D	97 R	98 O	99 K	100 A	101 G	102 I		103 T
104 S	105 U		106 G	107 C	108 N	109 A	110 M	111 B	112 W		113 R	114 Q		115 T	116 H	117 P	
118 H		119 U	120 F	121 P	122 L		123 X	124 Q		125 X	126 S	127 V	128 H		129 A	130 Q	131 F
132 S	133 R	134 G		135 V	136 Y	137 X		138 V	139 Z	140 M	–	141 E	142 O	143 W	144 B	145 P	
146 C	147 J	148 E	149 B	150 Z		151 U	152 P	153 O	154 Q	155 J	156 D		157 M	158 N	159 K	160 T	
161 T	162 N	163 E	164 J	165 H	166 R		167 G	168 F		169 M	170 S	171 A		172 V		173 Z	174 A
175 S	176 F	177 T	178 Y	179 E		180 K	181 N	182 X		183 N	184 Y	185 I	186 V		187 G	188 Y	189 Z
190 X	191 C		192 R	193 E	194 Z	195 X		196 B	197 M		198 M	199 A	200 E	201 V			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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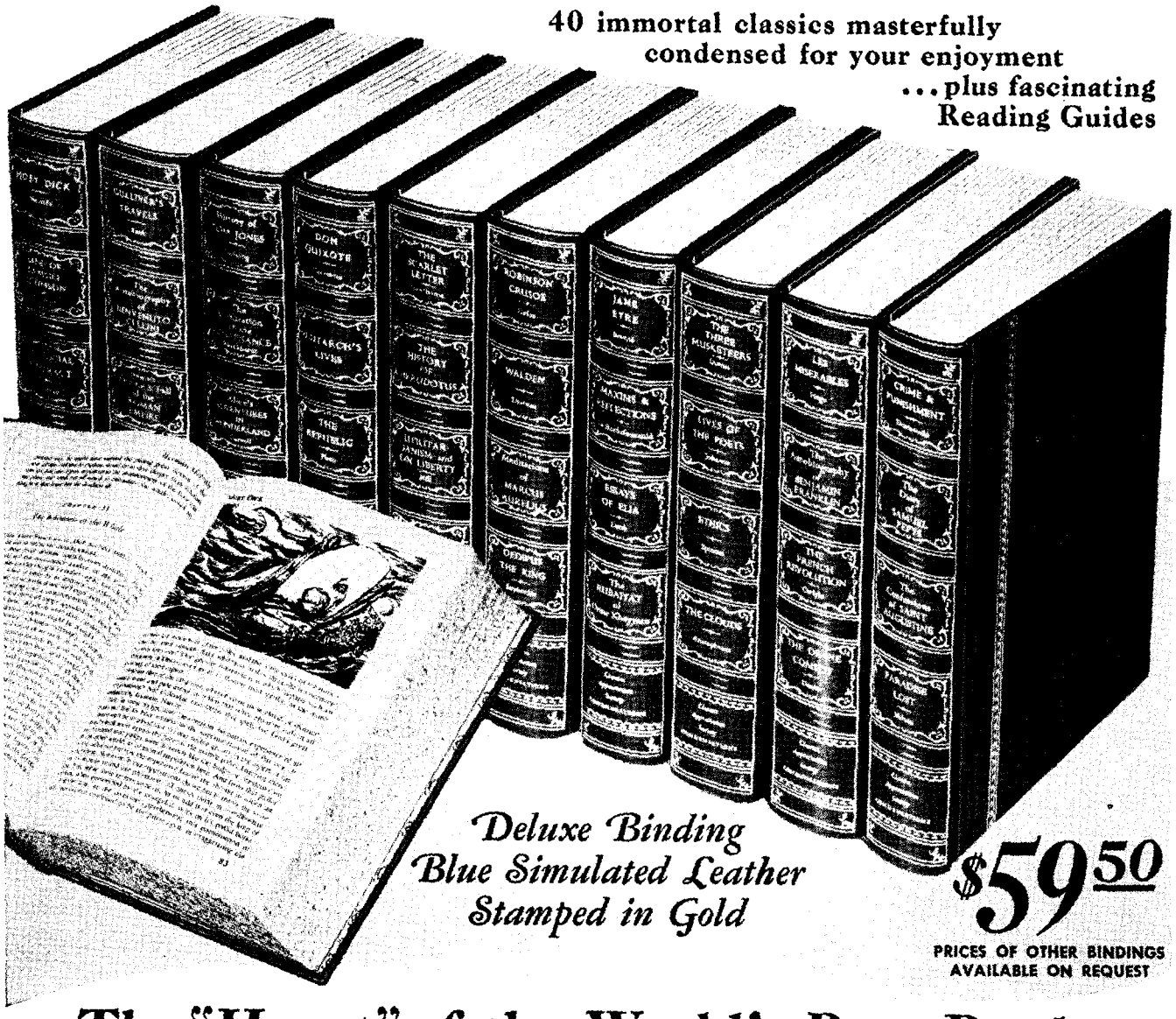

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